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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

The Indecent Exposure of the Personality—Bare Souls that Stalk Undraped—A Market for Incompetency—The Basis of English Burlesque—The Division Wall Between Acting and Exhibiting—Women in Possession—Sibyl, Priestess and Goddess—How Genteel Journalism Mixes the Social and the Commercial.

There ought to be an ordinance against moral nudity.

Indecent exposure of the person is, after all, not half as bad as indecent exposure of the personality.

Society has set its canon against the bare body—but oh, Mother of Arts! what shall we say to some of the bare souls that stalk undraped before us!

I was drawn on the jury that sat on Violet Cameron. It was one of the most wearisome post-mortems I ever attended.

There was Mrs. Bowers at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, Clara Morris at the Union Square, Janaushek at the Windsor. Actresses these—hard-working, painstaking, high aiming, respect-commanding artistes, with undisputed claims on the sober well-wishers of the American stage.

And there were "all of us" at the Casino, like men who go down in the kitchen to see the scullions cavort while the grandames sit alone in the parlor.

But such is the exigency of journalism. The newspaper must deal with the events, not with the aesthetic values.

And so it happened that on Tuesday morning all the papers gave the place of honor to the weakling burlesquer who was a disappointment, and dispatched the grandames with a perfunctory pat on the back.

It was because Violet Cameron was expected to be an event. She might be hissed. She might be shot at by a mysterious husband, either in his own or in her interest.

If there was no event—if it all turned out to be the most tiresomely uneventful rigmarole—that was not the newspapers' fault.

They certainly did all that could be expected of them to make events for the burlesquer.

The nakedness of the performance was shocking.

[N. B.—I am not talking about clothes now. In the name of clear sight, come to my idea, if you want to read and understand me. I am talking about naked qualities, not naked bodies.]

Miss Cameron was not clothed upon by ability. She stood forth in *paris naturalibus*, undraped by the tunic of talent. Her nimbus of personality was unveiled by a single cloud of delicacy or sensibility.

Well, what did the public expect? Did it suppose that indelicacy of conduct for days before the exhibition must precede delicacy of treatment for two hours at that exhibition? Did any one ever get so corrupted in mind by burlesque as to suppose that brazenness of invitation springs from daintiness of execution?

Of course we all know that English burlesque is a market where women exhibit their persons and their incompetency together. But it must be said that if they have persons worth exhibiting, the populace will forgive the incompetency. It will accept Phryne at any time and generously pardon her for not being a Hypatia.

We have had a decade of De Medicis—large limbed, voluptuous sirens who strode their voiceless hour before us without being able to write their own names. They put their big feet on the salacious loyalty of all the men-about-town, and then they went hurriedly down the vale of obesity and forgetfulness.

Violet Cameron is much above all this sort of thing. She is not voluptuous. She doesn't think more of her person than do other people. It's a nice, ordinary kind of person. Not pronounced; entirely unsuggestive. Certainly the Hoffman House would not buy it to draw custom. Nor is the actress coarse either in her allusions or in her stage behavior. She is not fleshly, she is not rhythmic. She is not even interesting as prize beef sometimes is when the aesthetic butcher pins ribbons and rosettes all over it.

Now, if you will stop here with me just one moment I will explain something to you on the allowable assumption that you don't know it. The basis of English burlesque is—flesh and rhythm. In those two words you have the whole secret.

It doesn't make a particle of difference how

idealless the text may be or how ignorant the bodies employed so long as the thing is round and pink and oscillates. It must swing.

To stand still is death in burlesque.

Only great actors can do that. To keep swinging, to work the knees, to introduce that caudal appoggiatura caught by the Thompson troupe long ago from the French wriggler, to hop, skip and jump, to keep step—in a word, to fill two hours with the voluptuous calisthenics that feed the lust of the eye—is burlesque.

And it has this merit, that rhythmic motion always has swayed and always will sway the multitude as nothing else will. It is in individuals the outcome of organic harmony.

Recall Emmet. He swung through fifteen years of victory with it, and never possessed anything else. He was weak, ignorant, almost stupid as an actor; but the moment he got in motion melody flowed from every joint

She replied, in an unheeding kind of way: "It's all right; the house is full."

I don't think she had an instinct of the state of mind that her audience was in. It waited patiently for some exhibition of cleverness that would serve as an excuse if not as a warrant for Cameron—actress; and as act after act galloped on, and the convolutions of puerility became more and more mixed, and Cameron did nothing but stride about in a proprietary way, giving all the work to her legs, patience merged into amazement softened by yawns.

Well, this is burlesque without flesh or rhythm. You might say without flesh or blood. It was in strict truth a languid, smooth, unexceptionable and insipid ooze of platitudes and paint—that neither stirred the anger nor aroused the nerves; and so the latest English thing, more flagrantly and defiantly English than anything that has preceded it, without

that the annex is confounded with the Temple itself.

Once get it fairly understood that there is a heavy division wall between acting and exhibiting, and you need not endanger the main building by a rigid inspection of the out-houses.

Rest assured, that form of popular entertainment which depends for its vogue upon the number, the beauty and the bareness of its female chorus, is the form that the dramatic moralist will have to investigate if he wishes to get at some of the iniquities which are coincident with the modern drama, but not of it.

The burlesque writer of to-day, and, in most cases, the burlesque performer, are panders. They pull down a sensuous art to a sensual gratification. They make a worse than pagan slave mart of the stage, where the traffic of eye and the purchase of passion go on forever.

They marry old men and retire. They give lessons in elocution. They become pensioners on the Actors' Fund.

If they are English they end as American stars.

With one exception it may be said that those are just the things they never do.

Janaushek and Mrs. Bowers are both trying to prove that art is not for an age, but for all time. They have perennial hearts, and will probably die in the harness.

In any other than the dramatic profession they would be specially honored for their careers, and, in any country but this, veneration would embalm popularity.

The unusual spectacle of eight actresses simultaneously appearing to New York to the exclusion of all male stars has been presented this week. They are Ward, Morris, Langtry, Olcott, Janaushek, Bowers, Ada Gray and Cameron.

This looks something like the "d—d feminization" that Henry James talks about.

The women have assuredly got possession, and are assuredly doing the best work. I hope the time will speedily come when a woman will have a stock company in New York. There's Dauvray, for example. What a clear-headed, fair-minded and high-looking manager she would make.

Did you ever talk with her? Didn't she impress you as a steel hand might that is under a seven-button glove?

Then there is Mrs. Bowers, grown mature in barn-storming, still sowing what might be called professional wild oats. Instead of giving her capital and her capacity, to say nothing of her experience, to the stable metropolitan thing.

It seems to me that Mrs. Bowers would rather live in her trunks than in the hearts of her countrymen.

Three of the women I have mentioned make the strongest possible contrasting trio. Clara Morris, Genevieve Ward and Lillie Langtry stand to each other in art as Sibyl, priestess and goddess. One utters the arcane truths of the mystic temperament; one preaches from the conviction; the other reigns with a divine presence.

This is the triangle, everywhere. In art the sensibility, the will and the organization. In religion the mystic, the zealot and the popular pet. Clara Morris doesn't know but does. Miss Ward always knows and strives. Langtry doesn't care to know or do. She is.

NYM CRINKLE.

P. S.—I suppose you noticed the new departure in some of the papers with regard to Mr. Daly's opening on Tuesday night. That opening was as much of a social event as anything connected with a theatre can be. The audience was a representative one as usual; the favorites were all welcomed as usual; Mr. Daly made a happy speech, and just avoided falling into the orchestra, as usual, and the play was from the German, and was capitally acted, as usual. But all this was of little importance by the side of the social event. Who was in the house? asked journalism. And this is the way genteel journalism in one case at least mingled the social and the commercial when it replied to its own question.

"Mrs. James Brown Potter—goes without saying [This is false; she both pays and says] and Wright S. and John N. Draper, Berry Wall and Howell Osborn, with other leaders of fashion, were seen. The tall and vigorous form of Curtis Maxwell Price, who has done so much to make the Hoytston Flannel Mills world renowned, and the elegant face of Harry Mumford Jones, of the New Encaustic Pavement Company, were conspicuous in a box Sam Wellingford, the successful druggist, and Tom Wallace, of the New Electric Light Company, shone conspicuously in the dress circle." Gads! This beats the advertising curtain, doesn't it? N. C.

In the production of The Gypsy Baron by Conried's company at the Grand Opera House, on Oct. 18, there will be 122 people on the stage, 22 in the orchestra and 12 in the stage band. In the march there will be 64 people, 32 men and 32 girls. The latter have been drilling for nearly twelve weeks. The costumes for the company, which are from Vienna, were passed by the Custom House on Monday. Strauss, the composer of the opera, has written for it a new waltz and finale for the second and third acts. The scenery is entirely new, and was painted by Hoyt expressly for the production. The tenor of the company was but a few months ago playing in farce comedy.



MRS. D. P. BOWERS.

Look at Dixey. Give him a foil, or a dance, and multitudes are spellbound. But ask him to play Modus—

Violet Cameron is neither fleshly nor rhythmic. In our idle moments we will forgive a great deal to a graceful girl who will keep in motion. Every physical impulse describes a line of beauty, and every rag she wears gets a glory from the indescribable poetry that is in her bones. But it is all as far from art and acting as a Mahese cat on a rag is from a mother's prayer.

The people who went to see the much advertised English burlesquer took their scales with them, as if they had all been Shylocks. They weighed her with their eyes. They coolly sized her up when she came on, unerringly. She stared back at them unperturbed. They said simultaneously: "No beauty, no voluptuousness, no special grace. We will wait. She must have talent."

lock, stock or barrel, is voted a tedious failure.

Miss Violet Cameron is an immediate example of a class of women who drift into exhibition and call it acting. The first test to apply to all such women is this: Have they anything to exhibit?

Obviously, if a woman is to challenge admiration for her physical charms, she must possess the physical charms before she opens her market. First catch your hare, is an ever practicable precept.

As there are always more women with physical charms than with dramatic talents, the drama has built this annex called burlesque.

The moral and social influence of it, nobody—and least of all a dramatic paper—has ever dared to discuss, for the simple reason

Why not, oh dainty pens! forever scratching at the immorality of the stage, look at the problem squarely in the face?

What is it loads a worthy profession with ill-bred, weak-willed, women, who have no other claim to attention than their bodies afford, and no other aim than to do whatever a lascivious multitude and a servile manager will pay for?

The man who dares to turn this stone over fearlessly in the interest of the stage will see a thousand strange creatures darting out of the light.

About a year ago a printed shp was sent to a number of managers. On it was this question: "What becomes of the young women who go into the chorus and become *figurantes* in light forms of entertainment?"

I remember some of the answers. They were, as you might be sure, flippant and evasive. Here are a few of them:

At the Theatres.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—A WIFE'S PERIL.

Captain Bradford..... Charles Coghlan
 Sir George Ormond..... Joseph A. Lane
 Sir Woodbine Gratton..... R. A. Weaver
 Percy Gratton..... Sidney Herbert
 Dr. Thornton..... Frederick A. Everett
 Mr. Crowsley Beck..... G. Raymond
 Lucy Ormond..... Kate Patterson
 Mrs. Crowsley Beck..... Mrs. Charles Calvert
 Sophie..... Miss Calvert
 Lady Ormond..... Mrs. Langtry

Does the reader recall the Bosom of Mrs. Merdle—the Bosom that she and society were accustomed to review, the Bosom that was the show-window of the London jewellers? If not, he or she, as the case may be, should go to the Fifth Avenue Theatre and refresh his or her memory. There will be found a capital realization of Mrs. Merdle and the Bosom, the former in all her calmness and complacency, the latter in all its swelling pride and begemmed with such dazzling brilliancy as would make even the reticent and self-satisfied Merdle rub his hands in glee.

There be critics of feminine beauty among us that captiously refute some of Mrs. Langtry's claims to special distinction on this score. They have said that her features are large and ill-proportioned; that her eyes are inexpressive, her nose lacks delicacy of outline, her mouth is coarse and sensual, her neck unlovely and her carriage awkward. We will not discuss these mooted points, which interest only the painter, the anatomist and the old gentleman with the lorgnette in the front row. We will simply confine ourselves to Mrs. Langtry's bosom.

Like the famous Bosom of Mrs. Merdle, Mrs. Langtry's defies hostile criticism and compels the admiration of all. We do not allude to the secrets it hides—they are the sole and lawful property of the sole and responsible Bosom—but to the superbness of its contour, the richness of its breadth, the heavenly character of its heave and its spotless purity. The carping cynics of the press may rob the Lily of every other attribute of beauty, they may take away from her every feature and every grace, but the Bosom, with its priceless jewels, remains there in all its invulnerable, unscathable magnificence. Let us, who are not able to see much else about Mrs. Langtry to admire unreservedly, get down on our knees and offer up thanks for this one redeeming possession, which has, by the way, increased in opulence since the lady last appeared in the Metropolis.

The audience at the Fifth Avenue Monday night was good-sized and fashionable. The fast and shoddy interests centered on the performance at the Casino, but "our best people," the really select class of playgoers, the men and women that find three feathers an irresistibly fascinating device, rallied around Langtry. Evening dress was the rule, and apathy the prevailing condition.

The star's loveliness was more radiant than usual. The modest Violet faded into insignificance beside the incomparable Lily. When she swept on the stage as Lady Ormond in the first act of *A Wife's Peril* the house was positively thrilled—whether with the power of her beauty, the charm of her gown or the glister of her gems, it would be difficult to say. It was noticed that the slight tendency to *embombement* with which she had been credited was visible but not unpleasant. And we may add just here that her dresses far exceeded in elegance and novelty any collection of professional dry goods that has latterly been open to inspection in a New York theatre.

But Langtry's acting has not kept pace with her physical charms or her wardrobe. Experience has not removed the marks of the novice, nor has she learned to utilize the mechanism of dramatic art to express even the elementary emotions. In the light and unexciting early passages of the play her well-bred manner, refined speech and agreeable personality were pleasing; but whenever and wherever demands for serious exertion—the portrayal of such feelings as love, fear, horror and hate—were encountered, she signally failed to stir beneath the surface. This species of display is puerile vacuity—it is not acting. Who would tolerate the pianist that after great preliminary flourish sat down to entertain a critical audience with simple exercises on the scale? Mrs. Langtry is still wrestling with the *do, re, mi* of histrionism. She gives no evidence at present of ever progressing beyond that rudimentary stage.

In the heroines of tea-cup comedy the fair Englishwoman might be acceptable, but even so comparatively easy a role as Lady Ormond is beyond her grasp. She is self-possessed, but it is not the confidence born of conscious talent. Her impassive dignity is rather the want of expression than anything else. In the brutal scene with Captain Bradford in Act Three, where that extraordinary specimen of a man attempts to dishonor his friend's wife, she was utterly incapable of depicting the conflicting passions that assail the character. The only thing she did naturally and successfully in the course of the play was to mix a lemonade and wind a ball of worsted. But there are many women off the stage and unknown to fame that can boast these accomplishments in the same degree as Mrs. Langtry.

Sardou should be grateful to Messrs. Stephenson and Scott for relieving him of any complicity in *A Wife's Peril*. The names of the collaborators appear on the bills as the authors of the play quite irrespective of the fact that it is a very clumsy adaptation of *Nos Docteurs*. Better versions have been seen in this town.

try—versions that do not completely coarsen the spirit and defeat the purpose of the original. In Stephenson and Scott's edition the third act becomes a highly improbable and decidedly indecent exhibition, while the force of the delicious satire on the so-called friendship of selfish people who abuse the hospitality of an amiable host, is debased into broad and boorish farce.

Charles Coghlan brought his alleged "suppressed force" into use with the result that his Captain Bradford was a stupid as well as jerky performance. Frederick Everett as the Doctor was most intelligent. He gave a delightful picture of the kind-hearted, clear-headed cynic. Sir George was made a colorless individual by Mr. Carne. Mr. Weaver was excellent as the crusty Indianman. Miss Patterson in her old part, Lucy, acted acceptably, while Mrs. Calvert and her daughter gave merit to a generally commendable cast. The setting was admirable. Mrs. Langtry is going to play Pauline in *The Lady of Lyons* next Monday.

STAR THEATRE—FORGET ME NOT.

Sir Horace Welby..... W. H. Vernon
 Prince Mallecotti..... J. W. Summers
 Barratt..... D. G. English
 Alice Verney..... Eleanor Tyndale
 Mrs. Foley..... Gertrude Kellogg
 Stephanie..... Genevieve Ward

In spite of the many openings on Monday night, the Star held a large and fashionable audience, assembled to see Genevieve Ward renew her old triumphs in Messrs. Grove and Merrivale's *Forget Me Not*. The play calls for a short cast, and of these few the star and her leading man, W. H. Vernon, occupy the stage for the greater part of the time. To criticize Miss Ward's performance in the role of Stephanie would be but to repeat what has been said whenever she has essayed the characterization. The cold, hard, cynical nature of the woman of the world, lit up here and there with faint touches of the emotions which sway the greater bulk of humanity, yet seem out of place in the breast of this female tigress, has never been more truthfully depicted. The personation will always stand out boldly as one of the finest pieces of work which the artiste has done. As Sir Horace Welby, Mr. Vernon ably seconded Miss Ward's efforts, and his impersonation of the cool, nonchalant Englishman, with a heart true as steel, was a charming piece of work. In the stronger scenes he rose fully equal to the occasion, and honestly deserved the applause which the audience showered lavishly upon him. The remaining support hardly calls for extended notice although the Prince Mallecotti of J. W. Summers, the Barratt of D. G. English, and the Mrs. Foley of Gertrude Kellogg left little to be desired. As Alice Verney, Eleanor Tyndale was not at all times satisfactory, and in many scenes where she should have risen to dramatic heights, she disappointed by her quiet manner. Miss Tyndale is possessed of a pretty face, a fine figure and a self-possession that is very useful to the seeker after histrionic honors. But her voice is small and not sufficiently under command, while her acting could be improved by careful study. The scenery was pretty and the appointments of the drawing-room, where the entire play takes place, effective and elegant. Miss Ward showed several of her new costumes, which were handsome specimens of the dressmaker's art, and both the star and Mr. Vernon were frequently called before the curtain, while the former was the recipient of the usual floral tokens.

PEOPLE'S THEATRE—A RING OF IRON.

Mary Gordon..... Ada Gray
 Sir John Graham..... George Leacock
 Wilfred Meredith..... A. Z. Chipman
 Sam Thorpe..... W. P. Crosbie
 Timothy Clunker..... L. F. Watson
 Burley Mine..... Louis Barrett
 Nancy Drake..... Jennie Satterlee
 Geraldine Bellow..... Blanche Moulton
 Selma Thorpe..... Nellie Irving

Frank Harvey's melodrama, *A Ring of Iron*, was presented at the People's Theatre on Monday evening for the first time in New York. The play had a run of 600 nights in England, and is a well-balanced though somewhat sensational piece. It turns principally upon the grievous wrong done to Mary Gordon by an unscrupulous villain, one Sir John Graham, who married her at the Australian gold mines under the name of "Gentleman Jack," and afterward basely deserted her, leaving her and her babe destitute. "Gentleman Jack," as Sir John Graham, goes to England, where he courts and is about to marry an heiress, Geraldine Bellow. Mary goes to England in search of him, and is there befriended by Sam Thorpe and his wife Selma, who had also been in Australia and were present at her wedding. While under the Thorpes' roof Dr. Meredith interests himself to obtain Mary a situation in the service of Geraldine, who is a patient of his, and for whom he has an affection, but is supplanted by Graham. Mary goes to Geraldine's house, where she recognizes in Graham her husband. Upon claiming him he denounces her as a lunatic and changes her ring of gold into a "ring of iron" by having her incarcerated in a private asylum, some of the secret scandals of which system are thrillingly exposed in the ill-treatment she there receives. Meredith, who has witnessed the injustice, and has also found out Graham to be the betrayer of his own sister, with the aid of the Thorpes effects Mary's escape from the asylum in time to confront Graham and deliver him over to officers of the law before his intended wedding.

The moral of the play is shown in the last act to be the great happiness of the contented poor that the gilded miseries of the rich.

The piece, being melodramatic, suited the audience, and was very favorably received. The leading part of Mary Gordon was filled by Ada Gray, who, notwithstanding a pains-taking care, failed to infuse any spirit into the capabilities of her part. The part of Selma Thorpe, that of a good-natured, honest and rather vulgar carpenter's wife, was rendered by Nellie Irving in a spirited manner. The rest of the cast was of only average ability.

POOLE'S THEATRE—THE IRISH MINSTREL.

Larry O'Lynn..... W. J. Scanlan
 Robert Wynbert..... Sidney R. Ellis
 Mat Dougan..... Gus Reynolds
 Morris Cregan..... J. B. Turner
 Dan Cregan..... George W. Deyo
 Nellie Cregan..... Lillian Lee
 Maggie McKay..... Marion Warren
 Mrs. Bridget McKay..... Mrs. J. B. Turner

A fairly large audience greeted W. J. Scanlan and his new play, *The Irish Minstrel*, at Poole's Theatre on Monday evening. The play scored a success. The audience was very demonstrative, and Mr. Scanlan's excellent support came in for a good share of the applause. Fred Marsden is the author of *The Irish Minstrel*. While the plot amounts to nothing, and the usual missing papers turn up, the dialogue is bright and crisp and the comedy work excellent. The scene opens at the farmhouse of Morris Cregan, an honest and well-to-do farmer. His family consists of his son Dan, his daughter Nellie, a widowed sister, Mrs. Bridget McKay, and her daughter Maggie. During a quiet domestic scene, Larry O'Lynn, the minstrel, strolls into the grounds, and by his ready wit and snatches of song gets into the good graces of the family and is invited to supper and a bed. Later the elder Cregan discovers in him the son of his foster-brother, the companion of his younger days, and Larry becomes a member of the family. Dan Cregan has yielded to the temptations of the gaming table, and is heavily in debt. His devoted sister Nellie knows of his trouble, and that exposure would bear heavily upon her father, who is the soul of honor. Mat Dougan, a money-lender, has Dan in his clutches. Notes are falling due, and Dougan demands the money, threatening to disclose the son's disgrace to the father. Dougan is in league with Robert Wynbert, the proud proprietor of a neighboring estate known as Craig-na-Doyle. Wynbert, who is land hungry, covets the little farm, and offers Cregan a good round sum for it. The offer is spurned, as Cregan desires to end his days on the old farm. Wynbert and Dougan plot together to ruin the family. The latter becomes more exacting in his demands upon Dan, and in desperation the son steals from the father to pay the usurer. The theft is discovered, and the father, heart-broken, decides to sell the farm, pay his son's debts, and thus save the family honor. The old man is about to sign the bill of sale when Larry rushes in with—"the missing will!" He has found it somewhere, and it names him as the heir to Craig-na-Doyle. Years before Larry's father had saved the life of Wynbert's uncle, the then owner, who very substantially showed his gratitude. The "missing will" thwarts the villains, and they in their turn become "missing." Larry becomes Nellie's affianced, of course.

Mr. Scanlan was a rollicking and breezy Larry O'Lynn, winning all hearts with his songs, and creating almost incessant applause and laughter by the naive delivery of the wittolines that scintillated through the play. He presented a young Irish hero of the ideal type. His comedy in the wooing scenes bubbled over with quiet drollery, and he was ever in the good graces of the audience, especially the ladies. Lots of flowers were thrown at his feet, and his new songs and old were liberally applauded.

Gus Reynolds earned the second honors of the evening. He was admirable in make-up and acting as Mat Dougan, the rascally land agent and money-lender. Mr. Reynolds is especially happy in depicting Irish villains of the cringing, fawning type. Although the character was repulsive and of the sort so easily overdone, Mr. Reynolds kept within bounds and won high favor with the audience. It was a capital character sketch. J. B. Turner was excellent as Morris Cregan, the rugged, honest old farmer, and delivered his lines with much force, even if he did occasionally forget his brogue. George W. Deyo made a handsome Dan Cregan, but the part gave him little to do. Sidney Ellis had a thankless part in Robert Wynbert, the haughty land owner, but looked and acted acceptably. As Nellie Cregan, Lillian Lee was very charming—acting the part with quiet grace and womanly dignity. She was seen at her best in the comedy scenes with Larry. Marion Warren is a soubrette of the bouncing type. Her performance of Maggie McKay was bustling and pleasing. As the by turns jolly, shrewish and sorrowing housekeeper, Mrs. McKay, Mrs. J. B. Turner moved the audience to laughter and applause. The play was finely mounted.

Next week, by special arrangement, Lotta comes in, and Scanlan goes out to fill half a dozen of the little lady's dates in the one night stands.

The reappearance of Mrs. D. P. Bowers as a star, after several years of semi-retirement from active professional endeavor, was a sufficiently important event to assemble a large audience at the Fourteenth Street Monday night, in spite of the novel attractions offered by several of the other play-houses. Mrs.

Bowers is one of our most experienced and gifted artistes. Her art belongs to the school of Cushman and Janaschek, and to the delineation of the latter tragic roles she brings a fine face and commanding person, a voice of great strength and compass, and the proficiency in technique that many years of intelligent effort have perfected. Mary Stuart was the play selected for the opening of this notable engagement, and Mrs. Bowers gave to the title-role the varied elements of power, picturesque, tenderness and passion. It was a beautifully rounded performance, large in scope, admirable in detail, and the spectators applauded its more striking qualities with enthusiasm, summoning the actress several times before the curtain in the course of the evening. Joseph Wheelock lent excellent support to the star, and the remaining members of the company did generally effective work. The organization is complete and well balanced. The play was not put on altogether satisfactorily, some of the supernumeraries marring the evening by their want of discipline. On Tuesday Elizabeth was presented, giving Mrs. Bowers an opportunity for displaying her versatility and range. Several pieces in Mrs. Bowers' repertoire will be presented during her engagement, among others *Lady Audley's Secret*.

At the Windsor Theatre on Monday evening the English version of Schiller's great historical play, *Mary Stuart*, was presented to a large audience, who listened with breathless interest to the gifted Janaschek's interpretation of the courageous Queen whose career and fate form so important a crisis in the history of England and of the Protestant religion. The part has been peculiarly that of the artiste who won the admiration of New York audiences fifteen years ago in the original German text and some three years back at the Union Square Theatre. The role is so difficult, and there are so few actresses who possess both the art and the physical gifts to do it justice, that it has seldom been attempted. The actress who undertakes this part has to reproduce one of the most beautiful and singularly varied natures of history, colored by the widest range of passion and human feeling in dramatic situations of intense interest. Mary Queen of Scots was an astute politician, as crafty and subtle as any of the statesmen of her time. She was daring and hardy as any soldier, and wished "that she had been a man that she might know what life it was to watch on the cawsey with a Glasgow buckler and a broadsword." On the other hand, she was a voluptuary, with bright flashes of poetic power, with an ardent, generous and gay spirit. With all this she was also a religious bigot.

The actress' task was admirably accomplished with a series of fine artistic contrasts of reposeful dignity and intensity of passion. One of the two finest scenes in the piece is the park scene, in which Mary appeals in supplication for the liberty she deems to be her right. Elizabeth taunts her with her immorality, at which she is fired with rage and replies that Elizabeth disgraces the throne of England by her illegitimacy. This outburst of fury cuts away all hope of life and liberty, and Mary retires to her prison to await in calm dignity her death by the headsman's axe. The final scene is that of Mary's leave-taking of her friends, into which Janaschek throws a touching pathos.

Madame was well supported by Marston Leigh as Elizabeth, George D. Chaplin as Earl of Leicester, Alexander Stuart as Mortimer and Kate Fletcher as Hannah Kennedy. The rest of the support was below the average, especially James Carden, who spoils the important role of Lord Burleigh by a barnstorming mannerism.

Clara Morris appeared in Miss Multon before a small audience at the Union Square on Monday night. Her performance of the erring but repenting mother was marked by the usual sparks of brilliancy and the usual lapses into commonplace. She has played the part too often—that is evident in the strained and artificial style in which she goes through some of the scenes, the extraordinary facial contortions with which she frequently puzzles her observers and the perfunctory fashion with which she treats some of the scenes. Maurice was acted by Henry Miller only acceptably, his work leaving much to be desired. This (Thursday) evening Miss Morris appears as Cora in Act 47. This used to be one of her strongest characterizations. On Tuesday next Fanny Davenport begins an engagement which is notable for the reasons that it will introduce her to the public for the first time as Beatrice and mark her return to comedy and a legitimate repertoire. With a new part, a new leading man, a new company, and elaborate stage fittings, the event will have the elements of novelty and interest.

A large audience extended a rousing welcome to Tony Pastor and his brilliant company of variety performers on their appearance at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening. Mr. Pastor invariably gives a good show, but his present company is unusually excellent and embraces some of the most talented artists in this particular branch of the profession. The bill presented contained many novelties, that of Stebb and Trepp, the Viennese grotesque comedians, being especially good. They scored an instantaneous hit. Flora Moore in songs, dances and imitations of well-known variety stars was well received, and the Dare Brothers,

one of whom has but one leg, did some wonderful gymnastic feats on the horizontal bar. Altogether the entire performance is well worth a visit, and when we recollect that Tony Pastor appears at every performance what more can be desired?

Our Strategists has turned up again, this time at Tony Pastor's Theatre. The piece has been considerably changed, and for the better. It is played by Messrs. Trayer and Tingay, who assume the leading comic characters, and a small company that is generally satisfactory.

Lillian Conway and a comic opera company are resuscitating Offenbach and kindred composers this week at the Third Avenue. The organization possesses some merit and the performances are spirited and for the most part enjoyable.

Investigation will, after all, end the week at the Park Theatre. Mr. Harrigan brings out *The O'Reagans* next Monday, when there will have been ample time for preparation. Manager Hanley has given us an insight into the salient features of the new piece, and unless all the signs fail it is pretty certain that Mr. Harrigan will add to the volume of his successes by its production.

Held by the Enemy keeps on its way at the Madison Square with all the accompaniments of popularity and profit. The play is delightfully acted and it has made a genuinely favorable impression upon metropolitan theatre-goers. It will continue through the current month.

Dockstader's has become a popular resort and the permanency of the minstrels is an assured fact. The pretty house is filled every night and many are turned away, as nobody is admitted after the seats are sold out. Matinees will begin this week, and they are sure to become a favorite feature for ladies and children.

The Main Line continues to attract large gatherings at the Lyceum Theatre. The charming and peculiar little play, admirably staged as it is, does not fail to increase its large circle of admirers every night. Mr. De Mille's piece might be profitably kept on long after the date of Miss Fortescue's opening, Oct. 18, but that event is positively on the cards and no postponement is possible.

Little Jack Sheppard is crowding the Bijou Opera House. Not even the tempting array of new attractions presented elsewhere this week has succeeded in enticing the loyal legion of Goodwin's friends away. The burlesque has been improved so much since the first performance that it is scarcely recognizable. The extraneous matter has been wisely excised and every line and bit of business is meaty. Goodwin's mock sentimental ballad and "That's All" are encored almost without limit every night, while many of the other musical features are similarly treated. The Vanishing Woman trick, which has erupted fiercely within the past fortnight, is cleverly introduced in the second act, Goodwin adroitly superintending the illusion with Jennie Weathersby as the subject thereof. By the way, we suppose that Miss Weathersby, having added the business of necromancer's sprite to her arduous labors as Mrs. Sheppard, is drawing double salary. She deserves it, anyway, for sliding through a ten-inch trap and consenting to help along the show by assuming such a part as Mrs. S. certainly demands big remuneration.

Theodora is drawing like a caprine plaster at Niblo's. The performance is productive of enjoyment both spectacularly and dramatically.

The Musical Mirror.

CASINO—THE COMMODORE.

The Commodore..... Lionel Brough
 Maître Gabelle..... Sidney Brough
 Maître Babille..... Edward Marshall
 Sabord..... Miss Clyde Howard
 Banquet..... H. Tomkins
 Frontigue..... John Barham
 The Captain Rene..... Violet Cameron
 Antoinette..... Edith Brandon
 Zola..... Constance Lushby
 Berthe..... Frances Lytton
 Lolotte..... Nelly Woodford

"The mountain in labor brought forth a mouse." The Cameron cyclone has blown itself out, and all is calm again. From the beginning we have steadfastly set our face against making the private life and personal belongings of artists public property, and have striven, as far as in us lay, to judge public people by their public work, utterly ignoring their various faults or virtues as private individuals. In this spirit we shall speak of the much-talked-of Violet, not as Mrs. De Hensaulde, the recalcitrant wife, but as Miss Cameron, the actress and singer.

The Casino was crowded to its utmost extent on Monday night, chiefly by men, and notably by the sporting fraternity and the noble army of dudes. The clubs were fully represented by their rapid members, and every actor and actress who could beg, borrow or buy a seat was present, and all for what? For pure curiosity and hope of something new, which they didn't get. Now a days everybody who is anybody is as familiar with London doings as with New York happenings, and everybody consequently knows perfectly well that Violet Cameron was just a fair sample of an English burlesque actress, who, by

favor of her father or uncle—we forget which—Alexander Henderson, of Lydia Thompson notoriety, was put before the London public as a star, and kept there for a time whether the said public wanted her or not.

Like Desdemona, she married a Moor, and like Desdemona she suffered for so doing and dropped out of sight for a time, but has bobbed up again, exchanging the boost of Henderson for that of Lonsdale, and coming to our shores to make a new start. Violet is a personable woman, still young, but not in her first youth. She is a conventional London barlesquer, such as one sees in every theatre in England during the run of the pantomimes and at the Gaiety and the music-halls in *permanence*. She has a fairly good mezzo-soprano voice with round full lower notes and weak reedy upper register. Her school is that of the Oxford Music Hall, but she has one salient merit—she enunciates every word distinctly; also, she sings mostly in tune, and she knows her business as it is understood in England.

As an actress she is just what every British burlesque girl is! She can strut, she can stride, and she can speak out loud—that's all. We have dozens as good and many far better who do not call up earthquakes to advertise them; but we have also worse, and we will take Violet at her artistic worth and call it good—not very good, but just good enough.

Lionel Brough is a good actor, a sound comedian, but eminently a local one, just as Wilson or Dixey are local. In London Brough is at home, and we can enjoy his somewhat ponderous fun. Out of London he weighs too much. However, those who have not seen him in a good part must beware how they judge him in the imbecility he is trammelled with as the Commodore, for in that he has nothing to do, and does it nobly.

Constance Loseby looks like the buxom landlady of the White Horse, Brixton—as well she may—sings with a loud, strident voice that recalls the Alhambra, Leicester square, in its opera days, and acts as lots of buxom Englishwomen do act behind the bar. Sidney Brough and Edward Marshall as the two notaries, Maitres Gabbie and Babbie, were the two notaries from Perichole sobered up, but were funny in their topical duet, "The Simple Days of Long Ago." Lionel Brough also was funny in his Sea song in the second act. Both were redemanded.

Violet Cameron got several mild encores, but her ballad in the second act, though written for her by Tosti, fell flat by reason of its innate dullness and unfittedness to the texture of the opera. The rest of the cast was tolerable, but calls for no especial comment. The chorus was full in voice and number, well drilled and sufficient. The band, under Michael Connolly, formerly Lydia Thompson's conductor, was excellent, the scenery perfect, as it always is at the Casino, and the dresses good.

The book, by Fannie and Reece, is insufferably stupid. We are used to bad texts, but not to such utter vapid rot as this. Fancy, for a joke, falling back on the Oaks (hoax) and the Leger ("I'll never know"). The chestnut tree was in full bearing all through the piece—and horse chestnuts at that. The music is pretty but in Offenbach's perfunctory vein—the kind of music he used to write when he was tired.

Koster and Bial will keep their successful burlesque, Venus and Adonis, on the bill for this week only. Next week a travesty of Little Jack Sheppard will replace it, and, if it has as good a run as Venus, the public and the proprietors will be amply satisfied. The great feat of the Vanishing Lady is also to be seen.

If solid, hard work and liberal outlay in the right direction can secure success, then is the American Opera on the high road to triumph. No such a truly patriotic, artistic and business-like undertaking has ever been seen before, and the hundreds to whom it gives employment and hopes of fame should be duly grateful. We are proud of our National Opera. Mme. Valda and her Italian Opera company will soon give us a taste of their quality. They come in great force, and well heralded.

McCaull's very successful season draws to a close—profitably for him—pleasantly for us. We have had good work well done, and we look forward hopefully to his next season, when he promises many new things. And what McCaull promises he usually performs.

Manager Hartz's Theatre.

During next Summer Manager Gus Hartz proposes to expend from \$40,000 to \$50,000 on improvements to his already finely equipped Euclid Avenue Opera House at Cleveland. A new stage, new proscenium, new seats, new furnishings and decorations and additional seating capacity in both balcony and gallery are among the many improvements contemplated. Mr. Hartz writes: "When finished the Euclid will be surpassed by no theatre in the land for beauty and accommodations. When the comparatively new house is opened next September the applications for time from first class and legitimate attractions will, it is presumed, be more numerous than ever." Since assuming the management of the Euclid Avenue Opera House, Mr. Hartz has become one of the most prominent and popular theatrical men in the West.

The Giddy Gusher.



I met a woman in a great state of excitement on Monday afternoon. She was tearing down to her husband's office to notify him that her friend, Mrs. —, who had paid \$5 for two seats to see Violet Cameron the first night, was ill; that she had bought those seats, and was in consequence very happy. At the lower end of Broadway she found a very jubilant man, who had just received from a speculator a couple of seats for the Cameron opening, for which he had paid \$10. With \$15 worth of this mighty occasion in their possession this couple had an embarrassment of riches. The pair are typical New York young folks; they live in boarding houses; they love to see everything going on; they are interested in every scandal about them, and discuss from morning till night the details of such an affair as that which has advertised the second edition of the de Cameron.

The husband is an easy-going little business man; he dresses well; affects a very great intimacy with the interior workings of the dramatic profession; don't know one of them to speak to; but says to his clerks when he gets down town of a morning:

"I'm in a pretty predicament to-night. I suppose I shall have to take in Violet's debut, and Langtry will think the devil's in it if I don't show up there. After all Lil has put herself quietly into a good position, and don't need to ask her friends to rally round her. But Lonsdale and Vic need us all to-night. I confidently expect an explosion. I know that little rascal Bensaunder so thoroughly, he's equal to just any enormity."

Jimmy Jumpup from Bennington, Vermont, and Benny Buttonhole, from Pawtucket, Rhode Island, gape with open mouth at the oracle, and go home to their boarding-houses and retail the utterances of their chief, and go round and take stand up seats at the Casino in the evening.

The wife of this dramatic Munchausen comes round to see me and borrows a couple of pictures of Mary Anderson and Lilly Langtry that have autographs and pleasant paragraphs scrawled across them. She parades 'em on her mantel and speaks to her callers of her dear friends. "She really must go call on Langtry. It's frightful how she neglects her best friends." Langtry and Anderson wouldn't know her if they tumbled over her in the street, but her annexation of the Gusher's property helps her to fill up her empty day and affords her an unreal pleasure.

They are an idle, silly couple, and very amusing to me. When I met Mrs. —, the other morning, her tongue ran like a race-horse.

"Of course you are going to the Casino to-night. Isn't it an exciting thing? Poor dear, how that man has persecuted her. Ed—[that's the young chump down town]—Ed saw Lonsdale at Delmonico's last night and he is almost ill from anxiety."

The dear thing forgets who she is talking to and gives me to understand that Ed and the Earl are almost brothers.

"Of course you know Cameron?"

"I'm happy to say I do not. My acquaintance embraces a very large number of unimportant persons, but it does not include all the British damsels who rush over here to exhibit imbecility," I explain.

"Why, isn't Violet Cameron a splendid English actress?" says the little woman agitated.

"She never struck me as more than Florence Gerard or Emily Duncan or Alma Stanley. She possesses a showy person and mediocre ability. You will not see a ravishing beauty like Lillian Russell nor a burlesque actress like Mathilde Cottrell; still you may be greatly pleased." And I left my little acquaintance quite downcast.

At 9 o'clock that night "E.L." came over to me in a very depressed condition. He had brought his father and mother-in-law on the five dollar pair of seats and he and madam occupied the ten dollar places.

"This snap has cost me \$15," said he in his mercantile way, "and it's the biggest fraud I ever saw. Why that woman can't sing or dance or act and she ain't pretty enough for any such fuss as has been made over her. And did you ever see such a company?"

"Frequently—in London."

"Well, I wish to Heaven they'd stay there."

"They will, I think, after the Fall of '86," I says.

And so even poor weak-minded Ed. and his moderately endowed spouse are disappointed in the theatrical speculations of Hugh, Earl of Lonsdale, and the noble manager has failed to catch on with his lordly attractions.

In the name of common sense, what would we think and say of William Waldorf Astor, or Wright Sandford, or any wealthy society man who should pick up Mollie Fuller or Fay Templeton, engage a company and start round the astonished country giving shows? Why, the hands of the world would go up with horror never to come down again. When Lonsdale first left London as a burlesque opera manager the clubs were full of funny stories. The Cameron party went down to Newcastle-on-Tyne, and thither the Earl with his coronet repaired in great haste. He telegraphed up for his valet, who promptly responded. The Earl liked things so well he wired next day for his coach and horses. They were sent. At the end of a week he demanded that a French chef in his employ be sent down, and Lady Lonsdale replied that Newcastle-on-Tyne could enjoy the society of the noble Lord, the capable valet and the ornamental equipage, but the French cook was really of some account to her—he could not be spared. My lady went on giving dinners, and "me lud" went on eating such hash as the Newcastle Boniface set up for him.

Mrs. Earl Lonsdale is evidently a lady of marked intelligence. All she wants of Hughie is his title and her handsome home. He can go into management and scandal all he wants to.

But let us incorporate into our prayers the petition that "from English fun interpreted by English talent the good Lord will kindly deliver us."

I sat the other night and looked at the stage of the Casino, noted since the curtain first swept up and away from its boards: for its admirable presentation of excellent opera and famed for its splendid companies. Why, even the Violet Cameron people couldn't quite kill such operas as McCaull and Aronson have done there! and I don't know but such artists as Cottrell and Wilson and Hopper, and such beauties as Russell and Hall and Jansen, could swim as dull a craft as The Commodore.

Mr. Lionel Brough is a very popular man socially, but he is a very great affliction as an actor. The first time I saw that gentleman I did not believe my playbill. Of course Brough was ill and this was a substitute. I tackled a British subject. "That the Mr. Lal Brough I'd been hearing of for years?" Certainly. Well, I was astonished. Why, England had sent us a score of cast-iron comedians as good—Becket and Elton were vastly superior.

The Cameron troupe makes me ill. Miss Constance Loseby is a hairstander. Miss Brandon is a nonentity. The girl who does the sandstone period hornpipe is an anatomical curiosity. The two notaries couldn't get engagements at Pastor's. Mr. Barnum works like a wood-sawyer to be funny. I cried at his efforts, and my very legs ached as I watched the peripatetic star.

The dear Earl wants to take his party 'ome as soon as possible. There's not a member of his company needed in New York. I could go to any book bindery or box-factory in the city and pick up a chorus prettier and cleverer than the twenty girls brought over by his lordship. Miss Cameron may be a very delightful young woman in private life; I'm not prepared to say. But as a theatrical attraction she is not up to the Yankee standard by any manner or means. No wonder London wanted to hang on to Lilly Grubb. I only wonder the Duke of Argyll didn't make a stock company of her, stir up flour-paste in his ducal coronet, and go out posting her bills on the gates of Buckingham Palace.

Speaking of bills, who on earth is the brunette houri done up in white lace that Clara Morris puts in the drug-shop windows with her name on? No character that Clara ever played resembled that cut. No one in her company, past or present, ever looked like it. This is an era of facial resemblance on posters. Most all the pictures are excellent likenesses of the people they represent. Why shouldn't Clara sit for her own picture, or at least get Fred Harriott to go and describe how she looks to the artist?

Falk had an old lady call on him the other day with a pair of pants and pea jacket, a lock of very red hair, and black paper silhouette representing a snub-nosed, short-legged, portly little man. These were the remains of Captain Sil Smith, skipper on a peri-auger running between Perth Amboy and Hoboken.

The widow unfolded the relics before Ben and requested him to get up a likeness of the deceased in his best style at any expense.

It was some time before Mr. Falk could make her understand that this job was a little beyond him. He recommended her to try the wax-work artist at the Eden Musee, who might rig her up a Captain that would be very pleasant and ornamental to have around the house.

But I'll venture to say any one of our splendid theatrical bill builders would have taken Sil's pants and the silhouette and put together a better likeness of the lamented skipper than that window bill of Morris is of her.

Well, your Gusher is weak this week. Those Britons are taking it out of her. And just think what there is to come? Dr. Robertson tells me he is perfecting a sustaining tonic peculiarly adapted to the trying demands made on dramatic critics, but the dose may not be concocted before the middle of next month. In the interim, with a persistent sprained ankle and a dislocated temper, what will become of your

GIDDY GUSHER?

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, Sept. 23.

By this mail you should receive a Mr. H. Hamilton, player and playwright, called by some "Moths" Hamilton, by reason of the fact that his first and hitherto only successful dramatic venture was an adaptation of the sometimes obnoxious Ouida's story of the above name. Mr. H. is not without ability, also he lacks not "side," and you are indebted for the honor of his visit to the fact that he comes to produce at Wallack's his new play Harvest, which was produced with great success on Saturday night at our Princess', now let to "Private Secretary" Hawtrey. Mr. H. also proposes to play in his piece a young lover, which Charles Glenny was cast for, and was rehearsed for up till the last day or two. Suddenly, however, Hawtrey fancied the part himself and sent Glenny to the Globe to play in The Pickpocket. But now some question of the play is to be considered.

Harvest deals, as a good many other plays have dealt, with a Scotch marriage. Noel Musgrave having contracted a "border marriage" with one Breuda, becomes tired of love and semi-poverty after about five years, and so at the suggestion of a cynical friend he consults the map in Bradshaw's Guide and avails himself of a flaw in the union, deserts his wife and child and marries a rich widow. Breuda, not unnaturally, vows vengeance, and she nurses her wrath to keep it warm for some twenty years. Meanwhile Musgrave's rich wife having died, he repents, and having no heir, would fain remarry Breuda, and thus legitimize her son by him. Said son has meanwhile fallen in love with his father's stepdaughter. For a long time Breuda refuses Musgrave's offer and punishes him by hurling vengeful texts of Scripture at him. But after all her melodramatic fuss she relents and becomes Mrs. Musgrave again and everybody is made happy, though few are able to see why the piece need have been called Harvest.

Now, portions of this play are very powerfully written, and the comic business is clever. Hence, in spite of the endless speeches in Harvest (which I should advise your Mr. Wallack to cut down with a mowing-machine), it was received with enthusiasm, a great deal of which was due to the magnificent acting of Amy Roselle as the injured and vengeful wife. With the exception of Fanny Brough (niece to Lionel) as a merry Irish heiress, and Carlotta Addison as a merry matron, most of the remainder of the cast could be easily improved upon.

The joke of the affair is that, though Harvest depends to a great extent on Musgrave's offer to remarry Breuda, the Scotch law, which the author seems to have overlooked, distinctly enacts that there should have been no marriage contracted by either of the parties in the meanwhile. Therefore Musgrave and Breuda's reunion would not be legal after all. What humorists these serious playwrights often are!

A Run of Luck, the new sporting drama at Drury Lane, up to now seems likely to make good its title. The house is crowded nightly, and sometimes more seats are sold than have existed. By this I mean that the "overflow ticket" system has been turned on, for Harris respects the traditions of his nation, and is not the man to willingly forego the chance of scooping up even one single solitary shilling. Hence trouble sometimes arises as it did the other night, when a citizen who had paid for what he conceived to be seat refused with some warmth an "overflow ticket" for another night in exchange for his money. The seatless citizen's wrath was such that he was brought up at Bow Street Police Court next morning for further discussion of the point at issue. The presiding magistrate, however, took a common-sense view of the situation, and sat somewhat heavily on the management, discharging the prisoner, and advising him (in the event of his money not being returned) to take proceedings in the county court. Some managers might have considered themselves crushed by this magisterial rebuke. Not so Harris. Next morning he turned up at Bow Street in propria persona and interviewed the rebuker's colleague to such good purpose that on the following day all London—or as much of it as reads police reports—was informed not only that "Mr. Harris tries to please everybody, and was desirous of removing the impression caused on the public mind by an *ex parte* statement," but (by inference) that tremendous business is being done with A Run of Luck at Drury Lane.

A Run of Luck is really a very fine show, but to call it a good play, as some of Harris' tame critics presume to do, is simply rot and rubbish. Of course nobody expects good plays at Drury Lane, so nobody is disappointed except a few newspaper men with unsalable blank-verse tragedies on hand, who howl about high art and degradation of the drama. The humor of it is that the nailers up of the Drury Lane have become fearfully

puffed up with their triumph, and are now going about with their noses in the air, disdaining to hold converse one with the other, because each believes that he and he alone is entitled to "all the glory" in this connection. The latest tip to hand at the time of writing is that Harris and Pettitt have quarrelled and are not on speaking terms. I don't know that the information is of any importance except to those whom it immediately concerns. As for me I don't believe it, but don't care twopence either way. I dare say Harris has put the story about himself so as to work yet another gratuitous advertisement.

After all, as Shakespeare or Willing or some other eminent dramatist has it, sweet are the uses of advertisement. "Interviewing" has become almost as fashionable here as on your side of the water. Everybody who is anybody in the profession is interviewed nowadays, and everybody who isn't wants to be, and usually is in the fullness of time if he plays his cards properly. I think the public are getting a bit bored over the business. Sometimes, however, the results are rather amusing. For instance, the other day one of the theatrical papers tapped the dashing Terriss for his views on things in general and the English stage (coupled with the name W. Terriss) in particular. Among these views were statements to the effect that it is beautiful to see the vast audiences which come to the Adelphi night after night to cheer to the echo everything which pleases them on the stage—including W. Terriss, who, however, has now much more work and less comfort than he had at the Lyceum. There (says W. T.) all one had to do was to do his work and go for his money when the week was over. At the Adelphi (so he says) much more devolves upon him and he has fresh and weighty responsibilities—not the least of which is "the selection of the drama which is to succeed Harbor Lights." It is very kind of a leading man to select new dramas for his managers, anyway, and it is to be hoped the brothers Gatti have rendered not Terriss an equivalent for his selective labors—either in meal or malt—though I dare swear this announcement will be as much news to them as to any one. Terriss goes on to say that he should be only too proud to return and serve under the banner of Henry Irving, but his engagement at the Adelphi lasts a long time yet. When that is completed he will probably take a play out to America under the auspices of an American manager. Also that he has "managed to scrape together the proverbial egg" and would like to enjoy the middle part of his life in country pursuits; that he looks upon Othello as a melodrama, and what else is Macbeth; that Harbor Lights is as important a play and as difficult to act as many others considered much more classic; and that—but my dear boy, no play is any good unless the human heart works in conjunction with art. And so on, which is as the now prevailing music-hall gag has it, "all very fine and large."

Wilson Barrett left for America on Tuesday by the City of Chester. Mrs. Langtry, who started for America per steamship Alaska, last Saturday, managed to get her travelling-bag stopped by the Custom House people at Dover. They refused to pass the bag because it contained two silver powder-boxes and a hand-glass. The Lily got through, later on, however, and improved the occasion by writing a letter to the Times wherein she pointed out that the "ultra-zealous officer had been breakfasting early." Again, I say, sweet are the uses of advertisement!

On the same day, the Lord Lonsdale-Violet Cameron Comic Opera company sailed for New York per steamship Auranis. Among the voyagers was our eccentric but shrewd friend General Booth, of the Salvation Army. It is thought that the General will set about converting the whole crowd, including the noble Earl. It were a consummation devoutly to be wished. Harry Paulton (who was with you recently) and his composer, E. Jakobowski, have sold the new comic opera they are preparing for the Comedy, for America, and they threaten to set sail for the States at once to produce the piece. Their Erminie is still running in the English provinces. Among other players now voyaging toward your shores is Creston Clarke, son of John Sleeper ditto, of the United States. At the Olympic is being rehearsed a new play by Sir Randal Roberts, which has been expressly written for Mrs. Agnes Boucicault. It is to be called Pardon—a title which has been used at least once before. Where it will be acted I cannot as yet say. E. J. Henley will presently descend upon you to play Blücher in Sophia. Several American papers which arrived in London this week claim to have discovered that Jim the Penman is an adaptation of Felix Philippi's Advokat, a published German drama. For my part I doubt the assertion, although it is given circumstantially enough.

The production of the English version of Josephine Vendue, etc., at the Opera Comique is (at present) fixed for Oct. 23—A new comic opera called The Druids is to be done at the Grand Theatre, Birmingham, directly. Indiana, another comic opera, is to be tried at the Avenue shortly, and Dorothy, a similar work by B. C. Stephenson and Alfred Cellier, is booked to appear at the Gaiety on Saturday night. If it should catch on there till Christmas, it will be removed to the Opera Comique. Altogether an avalanche of comic opera seems about to burst over the devoted head of

GAWAIN.

Blind Tom began a week of concerts at the Academy of Music 4th.

BROOKLYN.

MISSISSIPPI.
JACKSON.
Robinson Opera House: Sept. 23, Lisle E.
[CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.]

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Frederick, H.
Foote, R.
Grover, Leonard
Gerrick, Tom
Graham, J.
Gilbert, John
Griffin, Ellerslie
Graham, B. R.
Hawthorne, Chas. B.

A Gala Season.

The dramatic world is fairly agog with excitement just at this period of the early season. The atmosphere is charged with the varied interests of events past, present and to come. To borrow a rather stale political expression, there is a boom in theatricals, and almost everything else is taking second place in the public vision.

The current week has been one of exceptional liveliness. An array of famous stars have swept down upon the town, a number of sensational importations have created a ripple on the usually placid surface of dramatic affairs, and playgoers have fairly been bewildered by the unusual variety and importance of the bills presented for their approval.

There is very little sorrow expressed over the failure of the burlesque performer whose personal entanglements have filled the public prints and nauseated the decent people in the community. It should teach a wholesome lesson, and convince brazen incompetence that the stage is not large enough to shelter beneath its fair canopy persons who have nothing but their notoriety to commend them to attention.

The return of Mrs. Langtry finds the supporters of the drama willing to give her another generous hearing and to judge her according to her merits. At several of the combination theatres some of our most gifted and honorable players are to be seen in plays that command the whole-souled loyalty of all true friends of a serious and refining art.

It is also notable that the receipts at every establishment that presents anybody or anything worth seeing are reported to be extremely gratifying to the managerial do-ers who stand season in and season out counting the beats of the great public pulse. It seems to the hopeful observer that the sanguine predictions made the campaign opened are sure of realization.

Next week we shall sit in judgment on Wilson Barrett, both as actor and stage-manager. His London success is a household word in this city and great things are expected of the forthcoming engagement at the Star Theatre. It is known that Mr. Barrett will appear under the most favorable surroundings and with all the

famous accessories that have attracted such widespread and hearty praise at the Princess Theatre. This in itself should be an event sufficient to lend distinction to the week, but there are other and promising productions on the cards to increase its brilliancy.

Miss Davenport, one of the most indigent and radiant of our actresses, will begin her engagement at the Union Square on Tuesday with what promises to be a very complete revival of Much Ado About Nothing. The fact that on this occasion Miss Davenport essays the role of Beatrice for the first time in her career, is of itself sufficient to clothe it with superior attractiveness.

On the same evening we are to see the opening of the regular season at Wallack's, when a new play and a partially new stock company will combine to draw the myriad friends and patrons of this standard house. Mr. Harrigan, too, will contribute his quota in the production of one of the local comedies in whose composition he is so prolific and successful, while at a number of others there will be changes of bill. Altogether this is a gala time in theatricals, and THE MIRROR is happy to congratulate the profession on the wide swath it is cutting.

Dramatic Vision.

There is a certain quality which a great French author aptly calls *le point de vue dramatique* that enables people who are gifted with it to see things on the stage as the audience sees them, not as they would wish to have them. This is a great and useful sense, and like other jewels, all the more valuable for its variety. It is safe to assert that not one in ten sees his work from any other point of view than his own, and even that is distorted and rendered astigmatic by the disturbing element of his earnest wish. One who is extremely anxious about a thing is very apt to mistake conception for execution and to imagine that because he strongly desires a certain result, that result is *ipse facto* attained. "By faith ye can move mountains" is an aphorism most devoutly taken in its most literal sense, and thus grave errors obtain.

An author sees in his mind's eye a set of strong situations, and forthwith essays to mould them into dramatic shape; but, if he be not gifted with dramatic vision, he will produce merely a set of kaleidoscopic changes without continuity or relation, and his play, instead of a rich tapestry of harmonious color and shapely form, will turn out to be nothing but a crazy-quilt. An actor takes a fancy to a part; he sees himself in it and falls in love, Narcissus-like, with his own image. But if he have not the *point de vue dramatique*, he fails to see himself as others see him, and so misses his mark.

We have had one or two instances of late of this kind of mental color-blindness. We have seen authors posing as great dramatists and leaders of national art, who are only reproducing old situations and patching up and revamping the mantles of their predecessors, which they have bought in the rag-shop, and fondly strive to make the public believe that the said mantles fell on their shoulders. It is not enough to want a thing; we must have the power to get it, or the desire is naught. A child may cry for the moon to play with, but the order of the heavens remain the same. Even Joshua could only make the sun stand still—he could not bring it down to earth. And so it is now. All the wishing in the world will not suffice to make a bad actor please nor a dull play draw. It all depends on the way you look at it—from your own petty standpoint or that of the great public.

The Actors' Fund.

Only three applications for relief were received last week. One from Cincinnati was rejected as unworthy—a bungling attempt to obtain money on false pretenses. A worthy actor, who has been afflicted with paralysis for two years, has been sent to the Home for Incurables. There is but one application to consider to-day (Thursday).

Expended in relief last week, \$155.45. There were no funerals.

New members and annual dues paid in: John Wilson, Maurice Hageman, Louis Smith, Adelaide Praeger, Walter Lennox, Jr., Mrs. Walter Lennox, Jr., James A. Herne, Katherine C. Herne, Joseph B. Arlington, Morgan Sherwood, Beatrice Lieb, May Elliott and Walter S. Baldwin.

To-day (Thursday), at 2 P. M., the Board of Trustees hold their monthly meeting.

RHEA.—Mile. Rhea produces her play, Fairy Fingers, at the Boston Theatre next month. In this piece Rhea enacts the part of a fashionable dressmaker. Instead of hiring dresses for one of the scenes, which represents her shop, she will exhibit her entire wardrobe on about twenty dummies.

Personal.



DESMOND.—Above is presented a portrait of Helen Desmond, who is about to star in a play called *Guarded by the League*. In this play Miss Desmond introduces her kennel of magnificent St. Bernard dogs. Miss Desmond is not a beginner; she has been for a long time favorably known upon the stage, and has made frequent and successful touring tours through the country. She is young, talented and handsome, and, being well managed, has a bright future before her.

WALLACK.—Marion Wallack is seriously ill at her home in Brooklyn.

DIXEY.—Henry E. Dixey had a great reception at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, on Monday night.

MALARINI.—Mercedes Malarini is meeting with gratifying success on the road as the heroine, Augusta Courtland, in *Under the Gaslight*.

LOTTA.—Lotta will present only The Little Detective at Poole's Theatre next week. Manager Poole is confident that the engagement will be a big draw.

MAYO.—Frank Mayo began his New England season at New Haven, on Tuesday night, before a large and fashionable and enthusiastic audience.

BUCKNER.—A daughter of General Buckner, the famous Confederate, is about to adopt the stage as a profession, concealing her identity under a *nom de theatre*.

RAYMOND.—John T. Raymond in his new play *The Woman Hater* opened to over \$1,085 at Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, on Sunday night, and made a great hit.

JONES.—W. E. Jones, treasurer of Havlin's Theatre, Cincinnati, and a brother-in-law of Manager Havlin, was married last week to Ida Tracy, a soubrette, formerly with Gus Williams.

GILROY.—Little Nellie, sister of Mamie and Julia Gilroy, died on Tuesday of this week. Last season she played with Fred. Bryton in *Forgiven*. The funeral takes place to-day (Thursday).

WHISTLER.—J. McNeil Whistler is expected to arrive in this country about the middle of November. He will bring with him a number of his paintings, including the celebrated life-size of Dixey in *Adonis*.

BOSHELL.—Ada Boshell is playing the part of Maggie Ellen, the Irish domestic, in George Hoey's *Keep It Dark*, and has added much to the success of the skit by her excellent comedy work and nimble dancing.

FORTESCUE.—Seats for the Fortescue opening at the Lyceum are reserved by letter only. This course is adopted so as to foil the ticket speculators as much as possible. The first to write will have first choice.

FITZ-ALLAN.—Adelaide Fitz Allan has been engaged for leading support to Catherine Lewis in *My Mises*, and is now rehearsing. The role is somewhat emotional, and Miss Fitz Allan finds it congenial and well suited to her abilities.

BOOTH.—In the cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul, for seven performances, Edwin Booth drew over \$18,000. Nothing in theatrical annals has approached Mr. Booth's tour of the Northwest, both from an artistic and financial point of view. And it is an all-American company, too.

ALLEN.—Viola Allen closes at Worcester, Mass., to-night (Thursday). Why her sponsors have thus resolved is not known. Her play, *Talked About*, has been well received. There is some talk of a reorganization and a new start. In the meantime the closing has been definitely decided upon.

WELBY.—Bertha Welby is not playing this week. She is satisfied with her business at the Third Avenue Theatre last week, but thinks she would have done better had she kept on Oliver Twist during the whole engagement. Miss Welby will hereafter play *An American Marriage* in conjunction with Oliver Twist.

CROUSE.—Charles Crouse, the well-known advance agent of the Salisbury Troubadours, is a very sick man. He is taking life easy. Nate Salisbury is his substantial friend, and has given him *carte blanche* to seek any clime that may do him good. It must not be inferred from this that Mr. Crouse is in need; at the same time Mr. Salisbury means what he says.

COGHILAN.—Rose Coghilan opened to a very large and fashionable audience at Montreal on Monday night. It was the largest audience since Patti sang there. The School for Scandal was presented and star and company were given a right royal reception—calls at the end of every act. Miss Coghilan is a great favorite in Montreal.

MOORE.—Adelaide Moore and her company arrived in Coldwater, Mich., in their palaceman, on Oct. 4, and opened in the evening in *Romeo and Juliet*, to a large and fashionable audience.

DANCEY.—Silvanus Dancey, Wilson Barrett's private secretary, arrived on the *Weymouth* Tuesday. Mr. Dancey is a charming young gentleman whose varied accomplishments eminently fit him for a confidential position with a manager and actor whose labors are so arduous and exacting as Mr. Barrett's. Mr. Dancey is a brother of Henry Arthur Jones, the well-known English dramatist.

LEIB.—This week, under special engagement, Beatrice Lieb is playing the dual role of Mme. Laurent and Lizzie Stark in *Only a Farmer's Daughter* over in Brooklyn, and her work is being praised as the best yet seen in the part. Miss Lieb will be at liberty after this week. She had been engaged for the Kiralfy's spectacles, but drew the line at tights when the role of Stalacta was offered her.

FORTESCUE.—May Fortescue has engaged a landau and a coupe for daily service on Tuesdays during her stay in New York. She made her first appearance in the landau last Tuesday, and attracted considerable attention. A visit was paid to the Belmonts, and then the entire party, consisting of the star, her sister Helen, her mother and Captain Riddle, were driven about the principal thoroughfares. Quite a sensation was created about the Rialto when she was seen.

BYRON.—It goes without saying that Oliver Byron had a flattering opening at Long Branch last Thursday night. Many of the elite of Monmouth County attended the theatre in evening dress. The Byrons were given a fine send-off in *The Inside Track*. Flowers were in profusion and curtain calls were numerous. Mr. and Mrs. Byron entertained the company at Byron Cottage the following day. Wine flowed and pleasure reigned. There seemed to be a general desire on the part of the people of Long Branch and its vicinity to make the opening of the Byron season something to be remembered.

A Talk With Wilson Barrett.

Wilson Barrett, the English tragedian and melodramatic actor, arrived last week, and since his coming has spent his time in attending to business matters and seeing the theatres in company with friends. A MIRROR reporter paid him a visit on Tuesday and found him busy at work with his correspondence in his suite of rooms at the Victoria Hotel. Mr. Barrett is a handsome man of medium height, with a lionine head, and hair that curls naturally over a wide forehead. His presence is impressive and his manner is so full of earnestness and geniality that one ceases to wonder how American actors return from England invariably singing his praises.

"I've been so busy since my arrival that I really can't give much of my time just now," he said. "I had intended and hoped to go and see Niagara Falls before I began rehearsals, but I found it impossible with all this mass of correspondence. I've visited the Grand Opera House to see Hoodman Blind, the Star Theatre to see *The Queen's Favorite*, for a few moments at the Fifth Avenue Theatre to see Dixey at the matinee, and last night at Niblo's Garden to see Theodora. My first impression of American theatres is that they are very handsome. I like very much the arrangement of the seats—all the seats on one floor being about the same price. Of course this couldn't be done in England you know, because the classes there are so distinctly divided. The only stage I was able to inspect was that of the Grand Opera House, and I think it a splendid one; which reminds me that the performance of Hoodman Blind I saw there delighted me both as regards the acting and the scenery.

"The Madison Square Theatre seems to me quite unique. We have nothing like it in London. I was very much struck and pleased with it. I thought the general effect very tasteful and very artistic. I thought the piece very cleverly written, carefully produced, admirably acted and stage-managed. I was delighted to see a play by an American author, based on an American subject, played by American actors, with such *ensemble*. I feel sure that such a performance would give great pleasure to a London audience, and I can honestly congratulate Mr. A. M. Palmer on his theatre and the entertainment. I am looking forward with great interest to seeing Clara Morris, Mr. Daly's company and Mr. Goodwin, and I regret that my brief holiday will not permit me to see many other American artists whose reputations are well known to me."

"Really, on the surface, I think your theatres are very much better than ours in front, but not equal at the back. Our dressing rooms, as a rule, are more carefully arranged. The fronts of your houses are more convenient of ingress and egress. I was very much struck, too, with the earnest attention paid by American audiences, and the great respect shown the actors. During my stay I paid almost as much attention to the audiences as to the stage, and they seemed to me most intelligent."

"From now until next Monday we shall rehearse two or three times a day, but not the usual rehearsals for they were finished before we left England, and there is not a single change in the cast. There are to be rehearsals for the scenery, the supernumeraries, the chorus and the band, dovetailing in the new people—the auxiliaries—with the company. Claudian will be given at the Star Theatre next Monday night exactly as it was done at the Princess Theatre. I am told by everyone whose judgment I think I may rely upon that Miss Eastlake will doubtless make a success, and a growing one, in America. Such artists as Mrs. Kendal and Mrs. Bancroft, whom we greatly respect in England, have told me that her Helle in *Citro* could only be equalled, not eclipsed, by Sarah Bernhardt and the greatest artists on the English stage."

"My company includes Alice Belmont, daughter of the late George Belmont, the

comedian, who died, and was buried in this country. This will be the first opportunity for his daughters—for I have another daughter, Lily, also in the company—who will have to see his grave. Then there is G. Maxwell, who is the son of Maxwell, the publisher, and Miss M. E. Braddon, the well-known novelist, and Langley Russell, the son of E. Russell, member of Parliament for Glasgow, for years editor of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, and considered one of the best dramatic critics of England. I am for three weeks at the Star Theatre, during which time I hope to produce *Hamlet* for two or three nights. I may do Chatterton at the last matinee in conjunction with two other plays—*A Clerical Error* and *The Color Sergeant*. I have fixed all my time up to the middle of April, when I return to the Star. I shall not produce *Citro* until my return.

"I have arranged for only two weeks on my return to the city; but Mr. Moss is so sanguine of my success that he has reserved two weeks beyond that. I am re-studying *Othello* for production on my return to London. I intend doing it as I did *Hamlet*—discarding all tradition and building up new effects and working out new business, as though it were a new play. There is one thing here that I am very proud of, and I want you to see it. It is a letter from John Ruskin, the greatest art critic in Europe, and in it he says: 'And with scene-painting like that the Princess Theatre might do more for art-teaching than all the galleries and professors of Christendom.'"

Miss Fortescue's Plays and Dresses.

May Fortescue, her sister Helen and her mother arrived on the *Etruria* on Sunday last, and at once repaired to the Victoria Hotel. Here they were visited on Monday by a MIRROR reporter, who spent a delightful half-hour in their company. Miss Fortescue is as pretty as her pictures make her out to be, if not prettier, and talks most entertainingly, and with a charming English accent. Her sister Helen, who is one of her supporting company, bears a striking resemblance to Violet Cameron, although she is quite dark. The mother is a kindly-looking elderly lady with a sweet voice and an air of refinement that is most natural and unassuming.

"We didn't have a very pleasant voyage over," said Miss Fortescue. "We had two bad storms and a good deal of rolling in the interval. I suffered very much from sea-sickness at the time of the first storm. There were 500 passengers on board, and you can imagine how rough it was when there were only fifty people at breakfast, and they were all men."

"Now I must tell you of my coming season. I've had immense success in the English Provinces, and W. S. Gilbert's *Gretchen* has proved a splendid attraction. I was under the author's tuition, and he is delighted with the way in which I play my part. The play will be produced at the Lyceum on Oct. 15 you know. Later we present *Frou Frou*, and then *King Rene's Daughter*, which is a charming play and was the work in which Helen Faucit (Lady Martin) made such a great success. I want the American public to see me in a number of parts. My company is part English and part American. It includes Charles Sugden, a well-known member of the companies of most of the London theatres in his time; Fred. Terry, a brother of Miss Terry, who possesses the family likeness and much of his sister's charming manner; Kate Hodson, an admirable character and soubrette actress; my sister Helen; Charles Overton, who is well known in America; John Findley, who has been with me on several of my tours and is an admirable and very useful actor, W. H. Crompton; Junius B. Booth, son of Mrs. Agnes Booth; Marie Floyd, a daughter of the late W. R. Floyd; Mabel Leonard and Lilian Billings. That is the company for the opening, although there may be other engagements to follow. We hold plays in reserve other than those I have mentioned. We start on our tour about Dec. 1, going from here to Buffalo, Albany, Boston, Philadelphia and on to the West, possibly returning here for an engagement in the Spring. That is uncertain, however, as is the production then of some of the new plays."

"Now for my dresses. Those for *Frou Frou* were chiefly made in Paris and London; those for *Gretchen* are from designs in the British Museum by my sister and myself, and were made by Miss Fisher and Mr. Barthe, who makes most of the costumes for Mme. Modjeska and Henry Irving. They are copies of those used during the London engagement. My first appearance in *Frou Frou* will be in a riding habit of dark blue cloth, with a little red waistcoat—very English, you know. Then I come on with a white silk dress with a quantity of what we call *La Burnham*—yellow acacias—loosely hanging folds of velvet; all made in Paris. This has a little yellow stamped—or what you call here embossed—plush zouave jacket. In the rehearsal scene I wear a pale blue satin dress, the front of which is made of hand-painted lace in many colors. It is very difficult to paint on lace, and this is quite a new idea."

"In the fourth act I wear an evening, not a morning, dress, as so many have done before. The reason for my innovation is that stage meals have a suggestion of the ludicrous about them, especially if they are hurried through with. Well, the act won't permit of breakfast leisurely taken, so as the evening meal is generally finished quicker, I make it coffee, and there is nothing unusual or ludicrous to note. In this scene I wear a magnificent gown. It is of the prettiest pale green silk, covered with bronze embroidery, and train and body of the richest brown brocade, with roses of all shapes, sizes and colors strewn over it. *Frou Frou* always dies, you know, in the same color—black—al-lusion in the piece obliging this. I had almost forgotten to tell you of a wonderful tea-gown. It is of pale green *crepe de chine*, a long, loose gown, fitting tightly in the back, the petticoat of white flax silk embroidered *en point*. There is an under waistcoat of marvellous brocade, pale pink and silver, and the gown is buttoned on the under part with buttons more than 150 years old. That is also for *Frou Frou*, and I think green is so appropriate for the part—young, fresh and blooming, just like *Frou Frou* herself."

"In *King Rene* there are worn the mediaeval dresses of the Fifteenth century. I wear a diaphanous drapery of white, which forms a great contrast to the rich brocades worn by the gallants. I can't tell you who makes my dresses in Paris. I have no fancy for being copied, and when I get a treasure of a dressmaker I like to keep her to myself."

The Usher.



Read him who can! The ladies call him sweet.
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

On Monday evening there was a little theatrical feast at Delmonico's whose savory odors escaped the eager nostrils of the daily press reporters. It was given by Henry Abbey in honor of Wilson Barrett. Mr. Barrett prints his name with an emphatic dash below the front part of it since he has come to America, in order to distinguish himself from the other Barrett, on the same principle that the patent-medicine manufacturer blows his name into the bottle and cautions a wise public to beware of base counterfeits. As the underhanging dash is a source of typographical woe in a large composing room like THE MIRROR'S, I shall avoid it by writing our English guest down simply as Wilson (Underscored) Barrett. This will not only expedite things, but also remove a more or less justifiable cause for compositorial profanity.

To return to the dinner. It was partaken of by about a score of Abbey's friends. There were Mme Modjeska and Count Bozenta, Agnes Booth and John Schoeffel, Edward Gilmore and his young wife, Miss Tonchilski and Dr. Robertson, Nettie Guion and John Hoey, Marcus Mayer and Manager Cobbe, Mrs. Kingsland and Florence Gerard. The last mentioned conjunction puts an end to the idle gossip about the unforgiving spirit in which Mr. Abbey's first wife's mother received the news of the impresario's recent marriage. The dinner was quite informal, and after it the party went to Niblo's and occupied two boxes during the performance of Theodora. On Tuesday morning Mr. and Mrs. Abbey sailed for England. They will be present at Patti's appearance in Dublin and return with her to this country in November.

Not to be outdone in hospitality by the managerial branch of the profession, Mme. Modjeska has arranged to give a supper to Mr. Barrett at midnight to-morrow. She has invited Fanny Davenport, Clara Morris, Mrs. Langtry and several other distinguished members of the profession to be present, and the affair will unquestionably prove a delightful one, for there is no noisier or off the stage who plays the hostess more charmingly than the accomplished Polish actress. By the bye, I have not yet heard more of that banquet to W. Barrett by L. Barrett. The underscored Barrett, it will be remembered, tendered a superb supper to Lawrence when the latter visited London, and spared neither influence nor money to give *clat* to the occasion. Can it be possible that L. B. intends giving his English host the go by, as it were? Perish the thought! His well-known liberality may be relied on to come to the front—some day. Perhaps, he will introduce W. B. to the oriental magnificence of Riccadonna's table d'hôte before long. Some such reckless extravagance of hospitality is required to meet the occasion, as everybody will agree.

La Creole—or The Commodore, as it is christened by the Cameron—was produced at Brighton, England, in September 1877. John Howson played the Commodore, Kate Munroe Zoe, Violet Cameron Antoinette and Nellie Bromley Rene. The piece was shortly after given for ninety nights with the same cast at the Folly Theatre. It was here during the absence of Miss Bromley that Miss Cameron got a chance to play Rene, the character she is assuming at the Casino.

During the past week John Norton's case has taken a more favorable turn. Before that he was sinking rapidly. He is by no means beyond danger, however.

In The O'Reagans, Harrigan has introduced some of his well-known Irish, Italian, Chinese and negro types. The scenes are laid in local quarters the author has already made familiar and popular with our fashionable folk who never get an insight into them except through the medium of these comedies. Brahmin's music—particularly a plantation melody and a march song—is confidently expected to hit the public's auricular with telling effect.

As a welcome to some justly popular actors the performance at Daly's Tuesday night was

a success. But the play, a trite and trivial farce of the emotional Euphuic school, fell flat.

A member of the Ailsa Norman Opera company, writing from Springfield, Ill., reports a distressing condition of affairs among the members of that organization. "The troupe," so runs the letter, "is stranded here in a most destitute state. Miss Norman, the prima donna and proprietress, has shipped, leaving us to pay all expenses contracted during the past week. During that time we have been idle, at her wish, to reorganize as Mr. Chapman, the leading man, had refused to play without receiving salary, and left us in Sedalia. The hotel proprietors of course refuse to assist us in any way, and you can imagine the position we are placed in. Not alone do we complain of this, but also of the treatment we have received since leaving New York. We have been looked upon and treated like cattle. On Sunday evening we were called to the theatre, and while there Miss Norman took the train to New York, leaving us without a cent. We have received no salary and not even thanks for our hard work during the past three weeks. If you will publish this it may save others from suffering in future as we are suffering at the present time."

Mme. Dolaro has returned to the city from Plainfield, where she has been staying for several months. Her health remains about as it was. She is going to Florida when the cold weather comes.

The children in A Wall Street Bandit amuse themselves during the waits by giving scenes from the piece as played by their elders. The other evening they were doing one of Mr. Gunter's numerous prologues. Little Tommy Russell was reproducing Atkins Lawrence's method of receiving the news that his insurance policy had expired and his children are penniless.

"My God, my kids!" he shouted, slightly improving on the text, and then dropping his dramatic speech and attitude he said to the other youngsters, "Say boys, this is all wrong. Me name's Joe Howard and it's a long time between drinks." The gentle Joseph must not wax captious in his next criticism of Master Tommy simply because I've told this little incident, which strikingly illustrates the precocious juvenile's capacity for observation.

Howard Paul in an amusing article on making-up relates a story of Mrs. John Wood. The actress once attended a water party on the Thames, as usual covering up her sixty years with a wonderful combination of paints and powders. The burning sun—it was a very warm day—made fissures in her complexion which she retired from time to time to mend with the aid of her portable cosmetic apparatus. Then a dance was proposed and Mrs. Wood was urged to join in. In vain she declined, and she was at length literally pushed into a quadrille. Then came the *coup de grace*. What with the fierce glare of the sun and the active movement of her body in the dance, the whole structure of her careful make-up collapsed. The enamel, which under ordinary climatic conditions had stood firm, proved treacherous on this festive occasion and cracked from forehead to chin, and her cheek resembled a pane of glass that had been hit with a stone. She wisely fled—not to return that day. "Where is Mrs. Wood?" asked one of the party. A wag replied: "She's had a sunstroke and gone home for repairs. She'll be all right to-night," and the festivities progressed as if nothing had happened.

David Bidwell writes THE MIRROR as follows from New Orleans: "The Usher in your issue of Sept. 18 has a paragraph referring to a Southern manager who receives a percentage from railroads on the travel of theatrical companies. He gives no names. Will you kindly ask him to reveal the identity of the person referred to, thus relieving Southern managers who are not guilty of such rascally practices from suspicion?" As I said at the time, the manager in question is the man who boasts that he "holds the key to the South." His headquarters are in Alabama, but he spreads himself over several neighboring States and spends his Summers in New York. This should suffice for the present to exculpate innocent men from the charge. I would give the man's name willingly, but at the request of my informant I am holding it back until cumulative evidence of the sharp practice is complete. I have no doubt that J. W. McKinney, manager of Richard Mansfield, and Charles Watkins, manager of Ada Gray, will meantime furnish the name of the person to such as may be interested in knowing it.

Clarence Harvey, a member of the Night Off company, has taken a day off to look up his classics and find arguments in favor of the slang used in Theodora to which exception was taken by a correspondent in our last issue. He says: "The slang of to-day is in many cases but the revival of slang dating considerably further back than A. D. 332. In reading Plato's Phaedrus I was surprised to find a phrase which, literally translated into English, became our modern 'come off.' In another act of the play I found 'How goes it,' and in another instance a literal translation gave, 'What's climbing over the wall of your teeth.' 'Pull down your vest, and 'Wipe off

your chin' can be found in some of the Greek text-books, though I cannot place them at the present moment."

Gowns that Janish Will Wear.

Mme. Janish arrived on the steamship *La Bourgogne* from France on Sunday, after a trip abroad of four months.

"I enjoyed myself very well," she said to a Mirror reporter who called upon her, "though I was very, very sick for a month in Berlin. But I am better now, and all ready for work. I spent one month in Frankfurt-on-the-Main with an artist friend of mine and his wife, who live in a charming house in the middle of a garden and go among the best society in that city, and another month in Paris. The coming season I shall play a version, and a very good one, too, of D'Ennery's *Martyre*, though I can't tell you who has written it for me. Then I play *Madeline Morel*, which was written for me some years ago by Mosenthal, and which I bought while I was in Vienna."

"The play is what is known in German as a *Charakter Bild*, or character play, and my part in it is a kind of Camille. I have played it in Berlin and Vienna with great success. Of course I shall play *Andrea* again. I open my season on Oct. 26, but I can't say where. I begin with *Andrea*. On Tuesday I shall begin rehearsals, and shall devote a week each to the three plays, giving any other necessary rehearsals on the road."

"My dresses are all from Paris. One dress for *Le Martyre*, my version of which I think I shall call *The Wife's Sacrifice*, is a dark grey silk skirt with a very long train, with drapery of *crêpe de Chine* of a new color never yet seen, and which was made for me alone. It is a kind of salmon color, and the dress is draped very simply, being held up with grey silver laces and embroideries. In the scene with the brother I wear a wrapper with Nile blue *crêpe de Chine* with tablier of gold embroideries. In the last act I wear a white dress of Oriental stuff, with long train and simple drapery, which will, I think, make the greatest effect of all, on account of its simplicity. My dresses for *Le Martyre* alone cost me 20,000. They have been made by Mme. Casimir Perier, who works only for great Parisian society ladies, and never for the theatrical profession."

For *Madeline Morel* I have a sky-blue silk dress embroidered with golden ears of wheat. The drapery is also held up by these golden ears. It has a tablier embroidered in steel and adorned with tiny pieces of mirror glass. Then I have a grey silk dress with large steel flower embroidery. In the middle of every flower there is a *pier de strasse* of a kind of rhinestone. The sleeves are of the embroidery only. For *Andrea* I have also several new dresses."

Mr. Jones' New Plays.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the successful author of *Saints and Sinners* and other well-known dramas, has lately been very busy at work on two new plays which will shortly be produced at leading London theatres. One of these is a romantic drama of *The Silver King* type, in four acts and fourteen scenes, representative of present day English life and containing a strong leading part, specially written for Charles Warner. The whole of the action takes place in the country and the scenes are laid in the midland counties of England, and are said to be rich in those charming sketches of provincial life and delicate touches of local color which are a distinct and distinguishing feature of Mr. Jones' work, and have caused it to be praised for its fidelity to life. This drama will be produced at the London Princess Theatre just before Christmas, under the management of Charles Wyndham, who has taken the house for a season in the absence of Wilson Barrett. Mr. Wyndham has also secured the American rights of Mr. Jones' new play, and it is probable that after the English run Charles Warner may bring the piece to this country and play his original part. The other play which Mr. Jones has lately completed is a three-act comedy-drama of modern English life, which will be put on at the Vaudeville Theatre after the revival of *Soyhia*. The action is confined to an English country house, and there are good leading parts for Thomas Thorne and Kate Rorke.

Mr. Jones has yet another play in hand approaching completion—a strong domestic drama in four acts, which he will probably bring to New York in person, as it is his present intention, when he has set his Princess and Vaudeville plays going, to again visit the Americans, of whose courtesy and kindness he always speaks with pride and pleasure.

Professional Doings.

—Carlos and Marie St. Aubyn are at liberty.

—The Main Line will open its road season on Oct. 15.

—Leo Cooper has been engaged for Mme. Janish's company.

—H. S. Taylor leaves the city to-day for a week's trip through Western cities.

—C. O. Rogers has resigned from the business management of Lillian Lewis.

—Frohman and Randall now claim to have over fifty good acting people engaged.

—Edwin Booth begins an engagement of four weeks at the Star Theatre Nov. 1.

—A Tin Soldier is turning people from the doors at the Bush Street Theatre, San Francisco.

—Myra Goodwin began her second season in Edward E. Kipper's play, *Sis*, at Portchester, N. Y., on Monday.

—The Great Pink Pearl, the English comedy success, has been secured for Frohman and Randall through Charles Overton.

—Ernest Tarlton has been engaged to play a boy's part in Donald Robertson's new play, *My Misses*, in which Catherine Lewis is to star.

—Emma Wells wants a good agent for the Emma Wells Entertainment. Miss Wells is at present sojourning at Three Mile Bay, N. Y.

—According to a cable received the two new operas produced in London on Monday night, *Indiana* and *Bernaise*, were instantaneous successes.

—James Forrest is doing good work in leading heavy roles in support of J. W. Ransome, who is once more on his feet in Across the Continent.

—John Sparks, of Harrigan's Park Theatre company, was presented with a handsome basket of flowers by his friends on last Tuesday evening.

—Edward A. Stevens has been engaged as business manager for the road season of the present Madison Square Theatre success, *Held by the Enemy*.

—Mechanics' Hall, Merrimac, Mass., is under new management this season, that of Currier and Johnson, of Amesbury. Only one attraction a week is played.

—E. G. Gilmore paid \$2,000 to the management of the Gypsy Baron company for next week at Niblo's Garden, so that the run of Theodora might be uninterrupted.

—The costumes for W. S. Gilbert's comedy, *Gretchen*, in which May Fortescue opens her season at the Lyceum Theatre on Oct. 15, arrived on Tuesday in five immense boxes.

—John Dillon is starring in the West in The Lightning Agent, supported by the Walters Comedy company. Manager Walters describes the comedy as a "thundering go!"

—Hercat, the illusionist, has just returned to these shores. He was very successful abroad, especially at the Crystal Palace, London, where he played an extraordinary engagement.

—Charles A. Tyrrell is disengaged for comic opera or burlesque. He has been with the Emilie Melville Opera company in India, China and Japan, playing leading comedy roles.

—Murray and Murphy, in our Irish Visitors, made the comedy hit of the season at Dayton, O., last Friday night. Local opinion was that they might have remained a week to good business.

—The Bijou Opera company (Adelaide Randall) opened the New Opera House at Chattanooga, Tenn., on Monday night. The premium on seats multiplied many times their face value.

The one-act farce of *Tryng it On* was given at a reception of the Salvini at the residence of its president, George W. Duryee, No. 275 South Second street, Brooklyn, E. D., a fortnight ago.

—Howard MacNutt, the treasurer of Dock-stader's, has written an Egyptian comic opera entitled *The Kadi*, music by Warren A. Hawley. The work is under consideration by Rudolph Aronson.

—Louise Pomeroy is supported this season by Arthur Elliott, George Holland, Crypti and John W. Palmeri, Harry Bingham, Mrs. Hart Jackson, Kate D. Pell, Marjory Robinson and others.

—Charles Bradshaw, the comedian, and B. F. Horning are negotiating with Frank W. Sanger for the rights for this country and Canada to Hoodman Blind in one, two and three night stands.

—Frank C. Taylor has been engaged as business manager of Gardiner's Only a Farmer's Daughter company. He will also play a part. C. J. Stine, late business manager, is retained as treasurer.

—Wood's Concert Hall at Paterson, N. J., seats 2,000, and is well lighted. Its location is central and it claims every modern improvement. The acoustics are perfect. Good specialty people are wanted at all times.

—An unlucky dramatist was arguing with an obdurate manager. "But, my dear sir," pleaded the dramatist, "I'll come to the front some day." "Yes, I know," responded the manager, "but it will be in a hearse!"

—The distressing dengue fever is again cropping up in Texas to harass professional travelers. Several companies are already afflicted. McIntyre and Heath's Minstrels came very near being demoralized by it.

—Among the new faces to be seen at Dock-stader's next Monday night will be that of Charles Reed, the San Francisco burnt-cork favorite, and Luigi Del' Oro, the musical wonder. The next burlesque will be *The Other Dora*.

—John W. Ryckman is about closing negotiations with Frank W. Sanger for the sole rights for Harry Paulton's opera, *Cymbia*, for the United States and Canada. The opera made a great success in England some three years ago.

—In a letter to Mr. Palmer yesterday, Wilson Barrett says of *Held by the Enemy*, "Permit me to thank you for the treat the play and actors gave me last night. I was charmed by both. Such performances do credit to the American stage."

—Branch O'Brien, recently in advance of Viola Allen, is at liberty. Mr. O'Brien is a very energetic worker. He is a young man of pleasing address, and aside from his knowledge of the details of advance work, is an experienced newspaper writer.

—It has been definitely decided that Mark Melford's *Turned Up* will follow Little Jack Sheppard at the Bijou Opera House. Charles Groves, the new comedian of Wallack's Theatre, who was the original sea captain, will superintend the production.

—According to a telegram Rudolph Aronson received on Tuesday from John Russell, Erminie, which opened the night previous at the Globe Theatre to a packed house representing \$1,620, has made one of the greatest hits Boston has ever known.

—Mrs. Langtry, it is claimed, is playing at the Fifth Avenue Theatre to the full capacity of the house. Owing to the great success of *A Wife's Peril*, that play will be kept on for a week longer, the production of *The Lady of Lyons* being deferred until the third week.

—So great was the rush last week to see *A Brave Woman* at the Windsor Theatre, Boston, that the chairs were removed from the dressing rooms to seat some of the standees. J. M. Hardie said that under the circumstances it was a pleasure to sit on his trunk to make up.

—Charles A. Wing is managing Jacobs and Proctor's Opera House at Hartford Ct., and he reports that the theatre under the new regime is a great success. *Millie Rheo* and *Shadows of a Great City* were the attractions for the week of Sept. 27, and the total receipts were \$5,011.40.

—The production of Edward Harrigan's new local comedy, *The O'Reagans*, has again been postponed from this (Thursday) evening until next Monday. A feature of the play will be the appearance of the chorus of the Gilded Zephyr Burlesque Troupe and a view of the Cunard dock.

—On Oct. 2, the Daly Brothers and their Vacation company jumped from Cincinnati to Council Bluffs, Ia., and from that point will go direct to San Francisco to fill an extended engagement.

—Gus Clark, formerly manager of Shakespeare Hall, Syracuse, N. Y., died yesterday (Wednesday) morning in that city. Manager Philip Lehnen telegraphed Assistant Secretary Baker, of the Actors' Fund, that the family were destitute and needed means to bury the husband and father.

—Held by the Enemy was attended on Tuesday night by an audience in which the different classes were well represented. In one box was Jay Gould and Mr. and Mrs. George Gould (Edith Kingston), in another Wilson Barrett, and in the orchestra sat John L. Sullivan and Jere Dann.

—There is every prospect that Harbor Lights will run for over a hundred nights at the Boston Museum. Last week the receipts amounted to over \$7,000, and the average has been \$6,000 a week. Several New York managers are negotiating with Messrs. French and Sanger for its production.

—R. S. Ranson, for several years MIRROR correspondent at Keokuk, Ia., and well known in the profession, has become half proprietor of the *Daily Democrat* in that city. His many professional friends will be pleased to learn that the investment has proved profitable and the editorial work congenial.

—Schultz and Co., of the Zanesville (O.) Opera House, draw the line sharply. Recently a good attraction, headed by a well-known star, played in a low-price house, at a near-by stand. Schultz and Co. at once cancelled his date and would listen to no overtures looking toward a reconsideration.

—Harley Merry opens his new Bijou Theatre, East New York, on Oct. 15, with *The Argonauts*. He will run a stock company with Mrs. Merry, their daughter Josephine and himself as members. Other members are Nellie Lingard, Charles Charles and Mary Cahill, the latter a promising young actress.

—The cost of the curtains for the loyers, boxes and drop-curtain for Harry Miner's New Newark Theatre is reported to be \$10,000. The opening of the theatre with *Horne's Minute Men* next Monday evening will be marked by the presence of Governor Leon Abbott, his staff, the Mayor of the city and all the prominent officials.

—The musical comedy, *Hot Water*, in which Alice Harrison starred last season, goes on the road again this season. The play is by Edward Holst and Woolson Morse, and is a very amusing affair. This season it will be under the management of C. A. Bart, and T. H. Winnett is doing the booking. A strong company of specialists will be engaged.

—It is claimed by the management of Dock-stader's Minstrels that they have never yet had a house under \$500. The capacity of the house is about \$700, and the only time that the receipts fell to \$500 was on the two warm nights of last week. On the two Saturday nights just passed the house could have been sold out twice over. This is the only theatre in the city that has stuck to the motto of "no lithos."

—Arrangements have been perfected by which Lillian Olcott, through her manager, E. G. Stone, has purchased the right to change the dates for Theodora for Harry Miner's Brooklyn and Newark theatres until a little later in the season, in order to prolong the successful run of the play at Niblo's Garden for two weeks longer. The Madison Square Theatre company, in a repertoire, will fill up the time.

—Wemyss Henderson, who is acting as business manager for Louis James and Marie Wainwright, writes that these artists are everywhere meeting with success. The press is almost unanimous in according Mr. James a prominent place among tragedians. So great has been his success in Virginia that it is proposed to have entire new scenery for the play, and to present in a style hitherto never attempted.

—The following is the full company engaged to support Fanny Davenport in *Much Ado About Nothing*, which opens her season at the Union Square Theatre next Monday night: J. H. Barnes, B. R. Graham, Harry Hawk, J. F. Dean, George Morton, Wil. Lackaye, John Sutherland, E. Pembroke, Frank Willard, W. J. Hurley, J. Deane, Genevieve Lytton, Mary E. Hill, Alma E. Aiken, S. Miller, Edwin A. Hawkins, W. W. Whitman, A. R. Spellman and Walter Hutchins.

—Good attractions are wanted at all times at Lea's Opera House, Port Jervis, N. Y. This is the only theatre in the town, and Manager Lea has a monopoly of amusement catering. He is well equipped for this purpose, having a house that seats 2,000—the permanent seats being 1,560. There is ample scenery and the dressing-rooms are neatly furnished and comfortable. Manager Lea is of the opinion that Port Jervis is the best one-night stand in the State. The Delaware House, a first class hotel, is convenient to the Opera House. Special rates are made to the profession and THE MIRROR kept on file. A. C. H. Mesler, P. O. Box 1055, promptly attends to bill posting and the transfer of baggage.

Letter to the Editor.

TWISTS OF THE TYPES.

NEW YORK, Sept. 24.

Editor New York Mirror:—In the letter of mine you print this week I find several typographical errors, which I have to be inadvertent sins of omission. Twists of this kind are not unfamiliar to my experience, and no longer disturb my rest or interfere with my digestion, as once they did, unless they reflect unfavorably upon others. Such, unfortunately, is the effect in this instance. For example, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones approvingly wrote you from London that the managerial preference for diseased melodrama which I discussed in your columns had "justly" provoked my indignation. This endorsement of an able ally quoted with pleasure in my reply to Mr. Jones. To my horror the sentence appears in print without the quotation marks; without the one of two connecting words which were meant to point its meaning, and blantly charge that "Henry Arthur Jones has justly caused my indignation." Later on, in my letter, I ventured to question an assertion of Mr. Jones, that a good melodrama is possibly the most difficult form of dramatic composition. In the paragraph as printed both the adjective and the quotation marks are omitted, and I feel moved, to my aching surprise, in the ridiculous attitude of one who, while advocating the superior productivity and profitability of "intellectual plays," yet, exactly at the point where he is out-numbered by "good dramas," denies our art, and that this heavy disputation should be caused by sincere congratulation!

These mistakes are so awkward and antagonistic to the spirit of my letter that your correction may with safety be trusted to the intelligence of your readers. Still, as a matter of fairness to Mr. Jones, I trust that by a closing explanation, a place in the next issue of THE MIRROR will enable me to promote disunion between the melodrama and the newness for which, as the matter now stands, I have unwittingly been made responsible. CLYDE W. TAYLOR.

1986 Fall & Winter 1987

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Professional Doings.



—Louis James' portrait heads this paragraph. In his starring tour Mr. James is meeting with pronounced success, his artistic work commanding critical approval wherever he appears.

—Wil. Lackaye will appear as Claudio in Much Ado About Nothing in support of Fanny Davenport.

—J. W. Meisger is on the road as musical director with T. J. Farron and not at his home in Philadelphia.

—The Agnes Wallace Villa company will open the new Opera House at Indiana, Pa., next Tuesday night.

—C. D. Hess wants a full opera company for the Chicago Casino, and they must be people who act as well as sing.

—W. H. Thompson is not a member of the Alsberg-Morrison company. He is still with the Alsberg-Morrison company.

—Helen Ottolengui is this season playing leading business with J. K. Emmet. Mr. Emmet is very well pleased with her work.

—Charles Allison has replaced Mose Fiske as comedian at Koster and Bial's, and is tiring his brain in concocting verses for topical songs.

—Adolph Link and Max Lube, the new and the old comedian, respectively, of the Thalia Theatre company, are expected from Germany in a day or two.

—Warde and Lynch, the specialty artists, have made a great hit in the dock scene in Under the Gaslight, now touring under the management of P. J. Turner.

—The doors of the Union Square Theatre will be closed next Monday night, but within all will be bustle. Miss Davenport will have a dress rehearsal of Much Ado.

—During the past few weeks David Belasco has superintended the production of three plays, all of which are successes: The Main Line, A Wall Street Bandit and Caught in a Corner.

—Crossen's Banker's Daughter has open time in the weeks of Oct. 25 and Nov. 1 and from Nov. 29 to Jan. 1. The company will be at the Novelty Theatre, Brooklyn, E. D., next week.

—Mose Fiske has rejoined Jenny Kimball's Opera company as buffo comedian. Mr. Fiske has become almost inseparable from the Merrymakers. This is his fifth or sixth season with the company.

—The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has secured Mr. Tuckerman again for his former position as theatrical agent. Mr. Tuckerman says he will take good care of the profession and make liberal rates.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad is justly popular with professionals as well as the other classes of travellers. The service is convenient and the equipment is the best of any road in the country. Travelling by this route is a luxury.

—The Grismer Davies company touring the Northwest comprises Joseph Grismer, Phoebe Davies, Edgar and Harry Davenport, George Webster, Wilson Deal, E. A. Ferguson, Mrs. Sara Stevens and Loyola O'Connor. The repertoire comprises Monte Cristo, Called Back, Hoop of Gold, Wages of Sin and Field of Honor.

—The Grand Opera House at Valparaiso, Ind., has changed hands. A. F. Heinemann succeeds George Hankinson as manager. All contracts will be renewed on rent or share. The Academy of Music at Valparaiso is permanently closed, and the seats and other fixtures are for sale. This leaves a clear field for the Opera House.

—W. J. Fleming is actively preparing for his tour in Around the World in Eighty Days. Benson Sherwood is getting up the mechanical effects, and the scenery is being gotten up at the Grand Opera House. The opening will take place on Oct. 18, and twenty weeks have been booked. E. L. Duane has been engaged for the part of Passe Partout.

—Minnie Madden's full support will include T. J. Herndon, William Morris, D. G. Longworth, Frank Karrington, G. W. Bailey, Jr., Harry Reeves, Odette Tyler, Mary Madden and Ella Baker. Rehearsals are now under way. After being shelved for a year on account of lawsuits—now amicably settled—Caprice will again be presented.

—J. W. Grath is supporting Myra Goodwin in Sis, playing the part of Hickory Hawkins, the ex-circus clown. The company has been on the road but a few nights, but in that short time Mr. Grath has elaborated the part until it stands out prominently as more than ever a feature of the comedy. Miss Goodwin and her management are highly pleased with Mr. Grath's work.

—C. J. Whitney, of Detroit, writes THE MIRROR: "There is no deviation in the prices at the Detroit Opera House—the prices have never been altered, not will they be. Only the first class attractions are booked at the house. The Whitney Grand Opera House is run at popular prices. I have nothing to do with that house. C. E. Bianchetti is the manager. The Detroit is the only house that maintains regular prices."

—James Fort, late treasurer and assistant manager of the Empire Theatre, London, has gone West to take the business management of Gardiner's Zoos company in place of H. E. Wheeler. Mrs. Fort, known to the English stage as Gertrude Carysfort, joins the company as a prima donna. Miss Carysfort is up in some twenty leading roles in comic opera and burlesque.

—Gastave Amberg's venture of producing German comic opera in Hoboken every Sunday night seems to have succeeded, as he is reported to have had a very large audience at Waring's Opera House to see Die Fledermaus last Sunday evening. The Gypsy Baron will be produced there next Sunday night.

—The New York Operatic Comedy company, which includes Marie Middleton, an artist well known in the West; Kirtland Calhoun, Harry Nelson, Miss Roe, Julia Ernst and others, will shortly begin a tour under the management of R. W. Ryckman, in a repertoire consisting of Fun in a Kitchen, The Charity School, The Rose of Auvergne, Galatea and Caught in a Trap.

—James W. Forrest was leading man for David Bidwell in New Orleans some years ago. "Jim," as he was called by his intimates, generally carried about with him the effects of a reverse at fisticuffs. One day he happened in New Orleans and called upon his old manager, who failed to recognize him. "Don't you know Jim Forrest?" "Why, bless me, yes; but I didn't know you without your make-up." "Make up! What do you mean by make-up?" "Two black eyes!"

—Music Hall at Norristown, Pa., is booming this season. Every week Manager Wallace Boyer receives complimentary letters from stars or their managers. Neil Burgess was especially well pleased with his engagements there. Little's World played to a \$500 house, and Manager Morris writes: "I have always played to good business in Music Hall, and you can call on me for a date at any time." The bediamonded Joslyn writes: "Packed your house. Will book again—usual annual date."

—Frank Torrence, business manager of the Redmond-Barry company, was in town early in the week. The company has just jumped into New England from the West. Business has been very good. William Redmond and Mrs. Barry and their coadjutors have been quite successful in their new departure—comedy—and their admirers have been treated to a pleasant surprise. One of Broughman's comedies under a new title—A Cure for the Blues—has a prominent place in the repertoire.

—One night last week at Delaware, O., thieves entered the Hotel Donovan and made a good haul from the personal effects of members of Dan Sully's Corner Grocery company. T. F. Hopkins lost a gold watch and chain and spare cash, Frank E. Jamison the contents of his wallet, Master Malvey a watch and chain and Philip McFarland his spare cash. Employees of the hotel were suspected. In a wrangle that ensued a clerk of the hotel pulled a revolver, but did not use it. The inevitable train was in waiting; the company were compelled to hurry off, and there was no redress.

—The Novelty Theatre, Brooklyn, E. D., under the management of F. F. Proctor, of Jacobs and Proctor, opened season as a popular-price house last Monday night, with Only a Farmer's Daughter as the attraction. The house is under the local management of Mr. Allen, late of the People's Theatre, who is very popular with Eastern District theatregoers. Large audiences have ruled since the opening. The Novelty, in its present interior dress, would hardly be recognized. It has been elegantly fitted up. The Farmer's Daughter is presented by a special cast, including Leslie Gossin, Beatrice Lieb, Leonora Bradley and Frank Vernon.

—William Harcourt sends the following rejoinder to an interview with Will C. Cowper in last week's MIRROR: "W. C. Cowper indulges in a would-be severe attack upon me in your last week's issue. His statement is only an embodiment of the falseness and bombast of its author. If he would form a casual acquaintance with the Deity to whom he so wantonly alludes he would cast away that part of himself which repulses all with whom he is thrown in contact, and enable his courteous managers to surround him with actors who would not attempt to forestall discharge by resigning."

—"The Newark Theatre will open Oct. 11," said J. Charles Davis to a MIRROR reporter the other day. "The first attraction at the house will be Herne's Minute Men, and following that will come Theodora. Recently I had the pleasure of a trip over there, accompanied by quite a delegation—a representative of the Associated Press, Mr. Harris, agent, Mr. Berger, of the American Opera company, and several newspaper men. They were met by Mr. Miner and made a thorough inspection of the house. Their opinion was that they had never seen a finer theatre. There will be 900 new patent folding opera chairs on the ground floor."

—The Kentucky Mammoth Cave is looming up in a theatrical way. W. C. Comstock, of the Cave Hotel, writes THE MIRROR: "By Oct. 25 a railway will be completed from Glasgow Junction to the Cave. This is on the Louisville and Nashville route. On Sept. 27 the Harry Webster company played at the hotel, presenting the first theatrical entertainment ever given within twenty miles of us. The Thunderbolt was presented upon an improvised stage in the ball-room. The room seats 350, and it was well filled by a delighted audience." Here is a hint for Summer theatrical tourists who wish to combine business with pleasure. Next we will hear of the New Mammoth Cave Opera House.

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Population of city and vicinity 25,000. Extensive attractions, new scenery, new decorations, well-appointed dressing-rooms. Entirely refitted and remodelled for coming season.
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Address all communications to
E. J. HAGENBUCH, Proprietor.

AMERICA'S GLOVER'S OPERA HOUSE.
Seating 850. Share or rent. C. W. GLOVER, Mgr.

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Only theatre in the city. Seating capacity 1,200. Best one-night stand in New York State. Good attractions booked on sharing terms only.
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J. LATZ, Jr., Manager.

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Rooms with Modern Improvements.
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Seating capacity 650, all chairs; well heated. WANTED—Good attractions for October. Good show town.
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The largest, most popular and best theatre in the county. Ground floor. Seating capacity, 1,200. Fifteen dressing rooms. Stage 35x70 feet. Scenery 12. Booking one date per week only. No cheap attractions need write for time. Standard prices. Wanted—(1) one date in the following weeks: Oct. 18, Dec. 20, 27; Jan. 10, 17, 24, 31; Feb. 7, March 7, 21, 28 and after. Beware of Randall's claiming 1 play at cheap prices, which is false. C. W. KOHRKAST, Mgr. and Prop.

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Seating 1,200, folding chairs, steam heated, full set of scenery. Good specialty artist wanted, also good attraction for Christmas week. J. W. GERLACH, Mgr.

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Seating capacity, 1,000. Stage, 35x40. Full scenery. Only place of amusement in the city. A few open dates to good attractions in October.
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Seating capacity, 600. Stage 20x30. Six sets new scene. Steam-heated; lighted with gas. Centrally located. Will be ready to open at popular prices Oct. 10, 1887. Rent or share. Address W. L. WELLER.

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N. R. Boswell, proprietor. Headquarters of the dramatic and musical profession. Special rates. N. Y. Mirror on file.

COHOES, N. Y. OPERA HOUSE.
P. J. CALLAN, Manager.

HARMONY HOTEL.
P. J. CALLAN, Proprietor.
Special rates to the profession.

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The only theatre in the city that has never played at 10c, 20c, 30c. For dates and terms address W. W. MOORE, Proprietor and Manager.

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Live town; 6,000 people; ground floor; seats 1,600 people; opera chairs; stage ample and scenery fine and complete. The only house for big combinations to play to advantage and make money. Wanted, first-class attractions for the season of 1886-87. Address all communications to J. E. FRY, Manager.

GREENVILLE, PITT COUNTY, N. C. SKINNER'S OPERA HOUSE.
Seats 500. Good show town. M. HORN, Manager.

HORNELLVILLE, N. Y. Delevan House.
Headquarters Professional. Free bus; special rates; next door to Opera House. For dates, address H. C. ARMS & SON, Proprietors.

HOWELL, MICH. HOWELL OPERA HOUSE.
Thoroughly renovated and finished in fine style. Seats 1,000; stage 20x44. New management.
Good companies wanted.
Address STAIR BROS., Managers.

HOUSTON, TEXAS. GRAY'S OPERA HOUSE.
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Now booking for season '86-87.
GUS FREDERICKS, Manager.

HORNELLVILLE, N. Y. ALCARAZ OPERA HOUSE.
New scenery, heat and light perfect. Seating capacity 350. Popular prices. Rent or share. For dates, etc., address E. W. DE R. CLEMENS, Manager.

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Is open for engagements for 1886-87. New and complete. Capacity 350. Population 2,000. First-class entertainments well patronized. Will rent or share first-class box. F. W. PETTEY, Manager.

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Population 5,000. Seats 1,200. Will play only stands and companies at standard prices. O. K. HUNDLEY.

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Constructed after the most approved modern plans; heated by steam complete scenery; permanent seats, 1,200; seating capacity, 2,000; population, 18,000. Open dates in November—1 to 5, 12 to 14, 15, 17 to 20. All communications must be addressed to the undersigned. No managers or agents connected with the house. JOHN HODGE, Proprietor.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. WASHINGTON MUSIC HALL.
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Seats 500. Share or rent. JOHN HENRY, Manager.

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October and November time all filled December, January, February, March and Holiday week open. Rent or share. Address RANDALL'S THEATRICAL BUREAU, New York, or L. G. HUNT, Manager, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

MUSCATINE, IOWA. TURNER OPERA HOUSE.
GROUND FLOOR; 1,200 folding chairs; fine stage and scenery. Everything new. Good show town.
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Seating capacity 700. Complete new scenery. Population 700. Share or rent. EDWIN R. CURTIS, Mgr.

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Seats 500. Complete scenery. Population 8,000. Now booking. FERGUSON & MERITT, Managers.

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Extensive alterations under new management. New scenery, new decorations, complete renovation. First-class attractions apply at once. J. V. SKINNER, Mgr.

MILWAUKEE, WIS. PALACE THEATRE.
This is an entire new theatre handsomely fitted up; 1,400 opera chairs; stage opening, 30 feet; height of grooves, 18 feet; depth, 40 feet; from wall to wall 60 feet; between girders, 40 feet. Well stocked with scenery. For dates, terms, etc., address O. F. MILLER, Manager.

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CHAS. TRAVERS, Proprietor.

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Headquarters of the dramatic profession. Special rates.
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(The only Opera House in town.) Seating capacity, 800. All chairs, heated, full set of scenery. Open dates for good attractions. ALBERT BULL, Manager.

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Wanted minstrel company and good Thanks giving and Christmas attraction. Good guarantee offered to right company.
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Attractions suitable for lady audiences, booked for one week at popular low prices. Population 35,000. House seats 1,400. Stage 40x60. Good time in January, February and March open. Balance of season filled.
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Managers of First-Class Dramatic, Operatic, Spectacular and Minstrel Organizations appreciate THE VALUE OF THEM of every modern facility, under SKILLFUL AND EXPERIENCED MANAGEMENT. They know their interests too well to be misled. THEY WILL INVESTIGATE PERSONALLY. Call on or correspond with E. G. HAYNES, Manager.

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A brick building erected at a cost of \$67,000. Seating capacity, 1,200; stage, 40x60 ft.; stage to loft, 49 ft. Sixteen complete sets of entirely new scenery. Season of 1886-87 was the most successful ever known in Norristown. Address WALLACE BOYER, Manager.

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Do not get Music Hall confounded with the frame rink, remodelled and styled "Norristown Opera House."

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The only house away from the Railroad. N. Y. Mirror on file. M. PINDAR, Proprietor.

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Facing Opera House. Special rates to drama class. Free bus meets all trains. D. E. BECKER, Prop.

OWEGO, N. Y. WILSON OPERA HOUSE.
Seating capacity, 1,200. Has lately been refitted, re-seated with upholstered folding opera chairs, stage enlarged and floor incised. S. F. FAIRCHILD, Mgr.

OSHKOSH, WIS. THE OPERA HOUSE.
This house is new and is on the ground floor. First-class in every respect. Oshkosh is the second city in the State. Only first-class attractions wanted at regular prices. None others need apply. Managers desiring dates can confer with H. S. JAY LUK, 23 East Fourth street, New York, or with the undersigned at Oshkosh, Wis. H. B. JACKSON.

PATERSON, N. J. WOODS' CONCERT HALL.
Seating capacity 2,000, well lighted, good ventilation. Every modern improvement. Acoustics perfect. Central location. Wanted—Good specialty artists at all times. Address J. M. WOODS, Manager.

PATERSON, N. J. PHILIPSON'S PEOPLE'S THEATRE.
Seating capacity, 1,200; all chairs; full capacity, 1,600. Steam heated. Full set of scenery. Ladies retiring room and every modern improvement. Open dates for good attractions. A. PHILIPSON, Manager.

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Population 1,000. Address 101 Broadway, New York. H. A. WATERMAN & SON.

PLYMOUTH, PA. PEOPLE'S THEATRE.
Have good open dates for STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS ATTRACTIONS only. Seating capacity, 1,000. Population over 10,000. Located in the heart of town. Two minutes' walk from depot. Address SCHWARTZ & CO., Managers.

PORT LEVENS, N. Y. LEVINS' OPERA HOUSE.
Permanent seats. Seating capacity, 1,200. Full set of scenery, heated, first-class dressing-rooms. The best show town outside of Buffalo. Open for good attractions at all times.
GEORGE LEA, Manager.

About Emphasis.

"Don't handle knife and fork awkwardly," "Don't be embarrassed," says "Censor," the author of "Don't." "Get into the atmosphere of the selection before you attempt to breathe it out on those around you; in short, be natural," says Mr. E. B. Warman, in his preface to a series of articles on the "Principles of Reading," lately begun in *The Voice*. Now of what use to anybody are such injunctions as these? Why, they are of just as much use and of no more use than is the oft-heard injunction, "Don't be an ass!"

Every system and method of teacher of elocution the world has thus far seen has said to the learner, "be natural—avoid the artificial," but not one of them that has come forward with a set of rules with which to line out and plan out the natural has, as yet, compassed the object in view; as yet, not one of them has produced anything but artificiality.

Mr. Warman says his little book is invaluable to the student and to the teacher of the art of reading. He then proceeds with a series of rules and tests, upon the infallibility of which depends the invaluable of his book. Let us briefly examine Mr. Warman's first rule, first tests and first example with the view of determining whether they are infallible or not. His first rule is: "The emphatic word is the thought word—i. e., the word containing the principal thought." In the next paragraph, Mr. Warman frankly confesses that this rule, for good and sufficient reasons, is of little or no value, hence, he says, he will "proceed a step further and offer two tests that will serve as true [infallible?] guides."

Test 1. "The emphatic word in a sentence is the one that can least of all be dispensed with and retain the thought."

Test 2. "The emphatic word—by transposing the words in the sentence—can be made the climactic word."

Test number one is false. The emphatic word may sometimes be disposed of without any detriment to the thought whatever—indeed, the language sometimes becomes more forcible by dispensing with the emphatic word.

Test number two is right, if we consider only what it says. If we consider what it implies, it is false. It implies that the emphatic word only can, by transposition, be made emphatic.

Mr. Warman proceeds to illustrate the infallibility of his rule and his tests with the following two lines, the emphatic words of which he italicizes:

It seems that a law had been recently made.

That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be laid.

Now, it is true that bachelors' is one of the words in the second line that cannot be dispensed with, but it is not one of the most emphatic. The emphatic words are *tax* and *pates*. We emphasize *ideas* not words. Here, the words *old bachelors' pates* express an idea, and twist them and turn them as you will, you will always find that it is the last one of them that will naturally receive the stress that we give to the idea they clothe. Thus:

It seemed that a law had been recently made.

That a tax should be laid on the pates of old bachelors.

That a tax should be laid on the pates of bachelors that were old.

That a tax should be laid on bachelors that are not young.

I repeat, transpose the words as much as you will, the word of the location expressing the emphatic idea that you place last is the word that naturally and consequently properly receives at least as much and often more stress than any other word in the location.

In Mr. Warman's second example:

There is a fountain filled with blood

Drawn from *Inman's* veins,

he is as much at fault as he is in his first.

The word *veins* is fully as emphatic as *Inman's*. If it were a question of one fountain filled with *Inman's* blood and of another filled with *Gabriel's* blood, the case would be different.

If anyone ever should produce a book that contained reliable rules for determining what words should be emphasized in reading, and what words and clauses should be touched lightly, a good title for it would be "Elocution Made Easy." But nobody ever will produce such a book. The reader, therefore, that would read well—i. e., naturally—will always have to use his brains, and the poor devils that have no brains to use will always have to read badly—i. e., artificially—or not read at all.

Put not your trust in any rules for determining what words you should emphasize, save one—the rule of *emphasis*!

ALFRED AVES.

Professional Doings.

—Low Dockstader, at his Minstrel Hall, is keeping pace with the Vanishing Woman by putting on a Vanishing Man.

—Cincinnati is filled with visitors drawn thither by the Exposition, and the theatre managers are correspondingly happy.

—Manager Albert Bull claims Bull's as the only Opera House in Middletown, N. Y. It is open for good attractions at all times. The seating capacity is 800, all chairs, and the scenery is of the full complement.

—The Amesbury (Mass.) Opera House was destroyed by fire last Sunday morning. The wardrobe trunks of the Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl company were saved, but the special scenery was lost. Already the building of a new house is being agitated.

—Following in the path of the Electric Girl of two seasons ago, the Vanishing Woman is beginning to multiply. Before the turkey squawks at Thanksgiving all the museums will be supplied. This latest illusion is likely to be overdone, and will probably reach the real vanishing point before the season closes.

—Philon's Theatre at Paterson, N. J., is doing a thriving business this season. Manager Philon has never had stronger attractions than have favored him at his Little Convalescent during the Summer and at his town theatre during the Fall. This week John W. Ransom, in *Across the Atlantic*, supported by James W. Forrest and an excellent company, is the attraction. The theatre, which accommodates 1,200 people (1,200 modern chairs) has been greatly improved in the interior during the Summer. A neatly furnished and spacious room has been set apart for the ladies.

BIOU OPERA HOUSE.

Broadway near 10th Street.
Messrs. Miles & Barton, Lessees and Managers.

"I must have a story."

MR. N. C. GOODWIN.

Supported by MILES & BARTON'S BIOU OPERA HOUSE COMPANY, in the great success.

LITTLE JACK SHEPPARD.

A melodramatic operatic butterfly, by Messrs. Vandies & Stephens, produced under the personal supervision of Mr. Vandies and Mr. Goodwin. Music Director, G. A. Kerker.

POOLE'S THEATRE.

Eighty street and Broadway.

Proprietor and Manager, JOHN F. POOLE.

This New and Beautiful Theatre a Positive and Assured Success.

Week commencing Oct. 11, the Incomparable Artist.

LOTTA.

In her Greatest Play.

THE LITTLE DETECTIVE.

Monday, Oct. 18, the popular young actor.

MR. FREDERICK BRYTON.

In his beautiful and successful drama.

FORGIVEN.

Open time for strictly first-class attractions.

THE CASINO.

Broadway and 30th street.

Rudolph Aronson, Manager.

50 CENTS ADMISSION 50 CENTS.

Reserved seats, 50c. and \$1 extra. Boxes, \$8, \$10, \$12.

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VIOLET CAMERON COMIC OPERA COMPANY.

In Offenbach's merry opera bouffe.

THE COMMODORE.

Next Sunday evening, Grand Popular Concert.

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DANIEL FROHMAN, Manager.

THE MAIN LINE.

"An exceptionally interesting play. The success was emphatic."—Sun.

"Carefully staged and neatly acted. At the end of Act III, the heroine brings down the house with tremendous applause."—Tribune.

"The Main Line made a success."—Herald.

"The Main Line will pay big dividends."—Times.

"Splendid cast. Magnificent settings. Elaborate scenery. Triumph of stage mechanism."—World.

"The Main Line made a hit."—Mercury.

A picturesque drama of the railroad, by H. C. De Mille and Charles Barnard.

EVENINGS at 8:15. MATINEE SATURDAY at 2.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

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CLARA MORIS.

Thursday and Friday evenings.

ARTICLE 47.

Saturday matinee.

CAMILLE.

Next week—FANNY DAVENPORT.

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LILLIAN CONWAY COMIC OPERA CO.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, matinee and evening.

THE GRAND DUCHESS.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, matinee and evening.

FATINIZA.

Next week—EDWIN ARDEN.

STAR THEATRE.

Broadway and 13th street.

LAST NIGHTS

of the engagement of

MISS GENEVIEVE WARD

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W. H. VERNON.

in

FORGET-ME-NOT.

FORGET-ME-NOT matinee Saturday.

MR. JAY RIAL, Manager.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.

Proprietor and Manager, JOHN STETSON.

Every Evening at 8:15. Matinee Saturday at 2.

MRS. LANGTRY.

Accompanied by Mr. Coghlan and her own company, presenting her European and American success.

A WIFE'S PERIL.

New and elaborate scenery, appointments and effects.

Monday, Oct. 11.

THE LADY OF LYONS.

with new scenery and costumes.

WINDSOR THEATRE.

Bowery, near Canal street.

FRANK B. MURTHA, Sole Manager.

Matinee Wednesday and Saturday at 2.

JANASCHKE.

Thursday, Black House; Friday, Henry VIII; Saturday, Mary Stuart, evening, Macbeth.

Popular prices, 75c, 50c, 35c, 25c.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Mr. T. H. FRENCH.

Reserved seats, orchestra circle and balcony, 50c.

Every evening and Wednesday and Saturday matinee.

THIS WEEK ONLY.

TONY PATON'S GRAND COMPANY.

Next week—EVANS AND HOKY in A PARLOR MATCH. Next Sunday evening—Prof. CROMWELL.

FOSTER & BIALS, 210 ST. AND 6TH AV.

Admission 25c.

Burlesque.

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